HEROD
THE
GREAT.
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by the

Right Honourable the EARL of *ORRERY.*

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE
TO
HEROD the GREAT.

HOW various are the Humours of this Age!
Sermons at first were follow'd, then the Stage;
But that they neither are frequented now,
Is a variety we owe to you:
One would have thought Extreams which were so vast,
As pleas'd the Soul and Sense, might longer last.
Your Fathers other methods did pursue,
Yet some Fops swear they were as wise as you:
They left not Stage nor Pulpit in the lurch;
Week-Days they went to Plays, Sundays to Church:
And judged the Muses gratious did appear,
Presenting them one new Play every Year.
But without daily new ones you are cloy'd,
And slight Plays seem as Mistresses enjoy'd.
For we must say---we'll give the Devil his due,
In Wit, as Love, you daily gape for new.
Rare Scenes like Opera's, nay She-Actors too,
Though they less often Act with us, than you;
Whereby---will none here blush when it is said,
Some with great Bellies Virgin's parts have plaid?
Yet a good Play once acted, you're so nice,
You'll go to Church as soon as see it twice.
s'Death, Gentlemen, this usage we'll not bear,
You are not better than your Fathers were;
And if we are not as well us'd by you,
We'll shut up House, nay worse, our Women too.
Then with Street Cruzors you must have to do,
'Mongst which, you'll sometimes board a Fireship too.
When thus in your Chief Pleasures you are cross't,
You'll value us, like Health, most when 'tis lost.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Herod, The King.
Antipater, His Son by a former Wife.
Pheroras, *Herod*'s Brother.
Sohemus, Formerly in Love with *Solome*.
Phaltiel, *Samias*, *Haziel*, *Pollio*, } Friends to *Antipater*.
Abner, Confident to *Herod*.
Annanecles, The High-Prieſt.
Aſdrubal, Captain of the *Arabian* Guards.

WOMEN.

Mariamna, The Queen.
Solome, Siſter to *Herod*, in Love with *Sohemus*, but Married to *Coſſobanes*.
Tamer, and *Dina*, } Women to the Queen.
Mariana, Confident to the Queen.
Merab, Woman to *Solome*.
The Ghoſts of *Hircanus*, and *Ariſtobulus*, Pages, Prieſts, Guards, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Herod the Great.

The First ACT.

The first Scene is an Obscure Grotta.

Phaltiel *and* Samias *enter hastily,* Antipater *comes out to meet them.*

Phalt. THrough all *Jerusalem* they have spread the News,
Which is receiv'd in Raptures by the Jews,
That Faithless People in their looks display,
How much their hearts long'd for this fatal Day.

Sam. When *Herod* to the Isle of *Rhodes* did go,
We all foresaw 'twould prove his Overthrow.
Cæsar the Friend of *Anthony* must hate,
And make Revenge an Interest of State.

Phalt. How natural was it for a Prince to frown,
When but by doing it, he gain'd a Crown?

Ant. But Honour should have made *Octavius* Just,
Seising my Father, he deceiv'd his Trust.

Sam. Cæsar will judge that Imputation weak,
Since *Herod* his Safe-Conduct did not seek.

Ant. Yet all the World must this black deed upbraid,
The noblest trusts are without Bargain made;
The height of Honour *Herod*'s Ruin was,
Trusting his Vertue, he contemn'd his pass.

[*To them* Hazael *hastily.*

Haz. The Sanhedrim are now resolv'd to meet,
To lay the Crown at *Mariamne*'s Feet;
For she, in highest Vertue first does shine,
And is the last of the *Asmonean* Line.
Sir, You should instantly your self declare,
Ere they, beyond Retreat, engaged are.

[*To them* Pollio *hastily.*

Poll. Ten of the Priests are from the Temple come,
Who told the People in the Hippodrome,
That as last night, their Sacred Watch they kept,
They heard in Tombs, where Kings and High-Priests slept,
Noises, much like to dying Warriors Groans,
Then saw great drops spring from those polish'd Stones;
Which seem'd to weep, that so much precious Dust,
Ere the last day, was Ravish'd from their Trust.

Phalt. O Heavens what may this Prodigy portend.

Poll. Restrain your Wonder till you hear the End:
The Grief, which did those Tears from Marble draw,
So Powerful was, it did the Marble thaw.
Then from the gaping Tombs these did appear
All those who *Israel*'s Sacred Crown did wear,
From *Saul* till fatal *Zedechiah*'s days,
The bad Kings Crown'd with Flames; the Good with Bayes.
Every one smote his Breast, and shook his Head,
The trembling Priests with fear were almost dead.

Sam. Sure diſmal Changes in this Place muſt fall,
Since Heaven out of their Graves the Dead does Call.
Poll. But that which moſt of all increas'd their fears,
Were direful Noiſes which did wound their Ears.
Then Troops of Furies did the Prieſt ſurround,
And danc'd with Impious Feet on Sacred ground.
Each Fiend in Courſe the Dances leading takes,
And when they chang'd, all crack'd their Whips of Snakes.
The Prieſts were then yielding to their deſpair,
When all the Furies did reſolve to Air;
At which the Temples vaſt Foundation ſhook,
And three times, *Woe*, by all the Ghoſts was ſpoke;
The Tombs did then with haſt their Dead encloſe,
When ſtraight *Aworo* pale, and trembling roſe,
As if ſhe ſeem'd concern'd and in a fright,
At the dire Viſions of the vaniſh'd Night:
Nor has the Temple only haunted been,
Strange ſights have too been in the Palace ſeen;
But yet the Queen her Courage has not loſt,
Though her ſlain Brother, and *Hircanus*'s Ghoſt,
Have to th' *Arabian* Guards appear'd to Night.
Nor does it *Mariamne* ſeem to fright;
Though both the Ghoſts did bid them tell their Queen
In the black Hall, this Night they ſhould be ſeen:
For ſhe, to evidence ſhe knows no fear,
Boldly declar'd, ſhe would expect them there.
Ant. Theſe are ſtrange things! But th' event muſt tell,
If theſe Preſages come from Heaven, or Hell.
Leſt in that Dread theſe Viſions have begun,
The giddy People to extreams ſhould run;
You to the Hippodrome again muſt go,
And let me hourly, all that paſſes, know.
Phaltiel and *Samias* here with me ſhall ſtay,
Haz. You muſt reſolve, and act without delay.
Poll. Good Fortune rarely viſits him who mourns;
But when ſhe does, if ſlighted, ne're returns.

[Pollio *and* Hazael *go out.*

Phalt. Sir, you muſt now your Father's Army lead,
And by their Swords the Crown fix on your Head.
Ant. O no, my *Phaltiel!* why ſhould I purſue
Gaining that Crown, which to the Queen is due:
'Twere Sin if I her double Right withſtood,
'Tis Hers by merit, and 'tis Hers by Blood.
Phalt. Since you Her Right above your own prefer,
Firſt take the Crown, and then preſent it Her.
Ant. Giving a Crown which I that way ſhall win,
To pay a Duty, I muſt act a Sin;
But if the Crown I from her Love receive,
To the great Gift, 'twill double Luſtre give.
Sam. O, Sir, that guilty hope you ſhould ſuppreſs,
The Queen can never make your happineſs:
Her Vertue ſhould in you all thoughts remove,
Ere to poſſeſs her by Inceſtuous Love:
And 'twould eclipſe the Glories of your Life,
Should you attempt to wed your Father's Wife.
Ant. My Father's Wife! Witneſs ye Powers above,
She was firſt mine, by Sacred Vows, and Love.

But as the Prieſt our willing hands did ty,
Herod from me forc'd her by Tyranny;
For which my Sword I did againſt him draw,
He broke Our Match, and then I broke his Law.
Phal. No one can ſay but he in that did ill,
Yet, Sir, Forget not, he's your Father ſtill.
Sam. And to that Sacred Name a Debt is due.
Ant. And to offended Love there is ſo too.
All that I ow'd, he to himſelf did pay,
That Life he gave, he more than took away.
Theſe guilty Tears which from my Eyes would flow,
Too little Love, and too good nature ſhow. [*Wiping his Eyes.*
Phalt. Blame not that Piety which makes you mourn,
Conſider, Sir, your Father may return.
Ant. That thought in your belief ſhould find no room,
A Prince's Priſon's Prologue to his Tomb.
The Folly equal to the guilt would be,
Firſt to Reſtrain, then ſet a Monarch free.
He never can again his freedom win.
Sam. Grant it, yet Inceſt is a Crying Sin.
Methinks that word alone ſhould make you ſtart.
Ant. Inceſt, moſt think, is but a term of Art.
A name with which the Prieſts keep Fools in aw,
For no ſuch thing is found in Nature's Law.
He muſt himſelf, and not his Fortune blame,
Who from his Joyes is frighted by a Name.
Phal. What we have ſaid we wiſh we could unſay,
Since it augments the Storm it ſhould allay.
Sam. But in a calmer hour we hope 'twill move.
Ant. You ſpeak your Friendſhip, and I ſpeak my Love.
Yet I conjure you leave me for ſome time,
Elſe you will both participate my Crime:
For I am now into a Chaos hurl'd,
Darker than that, which firſt involv'd the World.
Phalt. to Sam. His Paſſion thus oppos'd does higher grow.
Sam. May Heaven that Quiet which you want beſtow.
[Phalt. *and* Sam. *go out.*
Ant. Before ſhe knows I live, 'tis fit I ſee
If ſhe preſerves her Conſtancy to me:
But if my feign'd Death made her prove untrue,
What *Herod* thinks is done, my hand ſhall do. [Ant. *goes out.*

The Scene is a Magnificent Apartment.
Enter Solome, *who is met by* Merab.

Mer. Madam, the Prince *Sohemus* now is come.
Solo. Call him, and when he enters, leave the room.
[Merab *goes out.*
Solo. How ſhould I, without bluſhes, on him look,
Whom while we lov'd, ſo meanly I forſook.
[Merab *introduces* Sohemus, *and then goes out again.*
Sohemus, does it not your Soul ſurpriſe,
That *Solome* is without weeping Eyes.
When *Herod* now is Dead; a Loſs ſo great,
That all our Glories, in his fall, are ſet.
Sohe. Madam, th' Aſſaults of Fate, though nere ſo rude,
Have ſtill been Conquer'd by your Fortitude.

Solo.

Solo. This Conqueſt you aſcribe to a wrong Cauſe,
'Tis Love alone, which to my grief gives Laws.
Nothing can now my Inclinations croſs,
This Joy does more than recompence that loſs.
For I can now do your brave Paſſion right,
Our hearts which Power divorc'd, Love ſhall unite.

Sohe. I am amaz'd to hear ſuch words as theſe;
Madam, have you forgot *Coſſabanes*;
To whom by Sacred Marriage you are ty'd,
And how you did my grief for him deride;
A grief, which I one day could not have born,
And which my Death had cur'd, had not your ſcorn.

Solo. Though I was forc'd by *Herod*'s ſtern Command,
To give the abhorr'd *Coſſabanes* my hand,
Yet 'twas above his Tyranny, and Art,
To make me from *Sohemus* give my heart.
Your doubts of me on a falſe ground are built,
You ſhould not call my puniſhment my guilt.

Sohe. Ah to that Puniſhment you ſeem'd inclin'd.

Solo. I ſeem'd more faulty, but to be more kind,
For had you by my words, or Actions, ſeen
How firm for you my Paſſion ſtill has been;
Your Love, or your Revenge, had made you run
To thoſe extreams, I found it wiſe to ſhun.
With Joy I did ſubmit to be his Wife,
Since I had no way elſe to ſave your Life.

Sohe. Could you think fit to me your Love to give,
Yet hope I could the loſs of it outlive?

Solo. In that fierce Storm we then did both endure,
A ſeeming ſcorn could only be your Cure.

Sohe. The Power of Love for me you never knew,
Since while you lov'd, you ſeem'd to ſcorn me too.
Darkneſs, and light may both together reign,
As well as perfect Love, and ſuch diſdain.
Though a Juſt Perſon may a Sin commit,
Yet his Soul trembles, while he's acting it;
But when your Vows to me you did decline,
Nothing but Joy in your fair Eyes did ſhine.

Solo. Though for your ſake I did that guilty deed,
Yet while my Face did ſmile, my Heart did bleed:
I did, to break that match, all I could do,
Both with *Coſſabanes*, and *Herod* too:
But when all fail'd to which I had recourſe,
I from my heart, that Brother did divorce;
And on his Ruin ever ſince was bent,
In hope of this bleſt time, Heaven now has ſent.

Sohe. Theſe are ſtrange Secrets which you now declare.

Solo. Liſten, and I will tell you ſtranger far:
'Twas I made *Herod* to *Octavius* go,
And made *Pheroras* wait upon him too;
That *Cæſar* having both, might more incline
To cut off the Male Race of all Our Line.
'Twas I made *Herod* to all elſe unjuſt,
And leave his haughty Wife to your ſole truſt;
With Orders, if he *Cæſar* did not win,
You inſtantly ſhould put to Death his Queen.

Sohe. He told me none but I thoſe Orders knew.

Solo. You ſee he told you then, what was not true.

Sohe.

Sohe. But to what end did you thoſe Crimes purſue.
Solo. For my great End; That of obtaining you.
Sohe. Madam, againſt the Power of Heaven you ſtrive.
Solo. How's that?
Sohe. Is not *Coſſabanes* alive?
Solo. 'Tis Man, not God, makes Marriages by force;
Therefore this day I ſent him a Divorce.
Sohe. That right is only by our Sex enjoy'd.
Solo. That Uſurpation I for you deſtroy'd.
'Tis juſt, where two under one Contract are,
That they alike, the priviledge ſhould ſhare.
Affection only ties true Wedlock Bands,
Where hearts divide, in vain Prieſts join the hands:
He now in his *Arabia* does reſide,
Where I have ſent him leave to chooſe a Bride.
Now if you act your Prince's laſt Command,
Nothing between us, and our Joyes doth ſtand:
For when the Queen you have of Life bereft,
I only of both Royal Lines am left:
Then will a Crown which my free Love beſtows, [Sohemus *ſtarts and*
Make ſome Atonement for my breach of Vows. *trembles.*
Why do you ſtart, and ſuch diſturbance ſhow?
Sohe. 'Tis at the Miſchiefs you would make me do.
Solo. To a true Subject then can any thing
Look like a Crime, when 'tis t'obey his King?
Sohe. Thoſe who by Power alone have Scepters ſway'd,
Ought not when Dead, to have their wills obey'd:
Only to Lawful Kings that Duty's ſhown.
Solo. Then do it for my ſake; or, for your own.
I would have done it ere I ſpoke of it,
But that to me it did appear unfit;
That I for you ſhould every guilt contract,
And leave you for my ſake, not One to Act.
Too much it did like to Engroſſing look,
But finding now how highly I miſtook;
Admit me to this Queen, and you ſhall ſee,
I dare do more for you than you for me.
Sohe. Who lets you act the Sin he can withſtand,
Does himſelf act it by another's hand.
Solo. Will you not then let me a Crime commit,
Of which you are to have the benefit.
Sohe. O, Madam; were you now what once you were ——
Solo. What *Herod* forc'd me to, I will repair.
Sohe. But Oh ——
Solo. But what? Speak without more delay,
I'm arm'd againſt whatever you dare ſay.
Sohe. But wrongs which Honour, and which Love endure
From thoſe who did them, can admit no Cure.
Solo. Ungrateful Man! Have I in vain for you
Ruin'd my King, my Fame, and Brothers too.
Through all your Vails I ſee what you would hide,
I could not elſe thus rudely be deny'd.
Sohe. Madam, but hear me out ——
Solo. I'll hear no more.
'Tis *Mariamne*'s Beauties you adore:
What you would not confeſs, your bluſhes do;
I fear'd the Change, and now I find it true.

No other Paſſion could ſo powerful be,
As thus to make you ſcorn a Crown and Me.
Begone; and to your Coſt you ſoon ſhall prove,
A Woman's hatred does tranſcend her Love.
[*They go out ſeveral ways.*

The Scene changes to a ſpacious Room all black.

Antipater *muffl'd up with a Cloak, and a Page with a Flambeau.*

Page. 'Tis in this Room the Queen will watch to night.
Ant. Where I may ſee, and yet be out of ſight.
Page. There you may all things ſee, and not be ſeen:
But ſhould this be diſcover'd to the Queen;
I ſhall, paſt hope of Pardon, be undone.
Ant. Fear not, there's your Reward; and now begone.
[*He flings him a Purſe, which the Page takes and goes out.*
Love only could this ſtrange Deſign inſpire. [*A noiſe within.*
What noiſe is that? —— The Queen! He looks I muſt retire.
[*He conceals himſelf.*
The Queen and Mariana *they bolt the door after them.*
Mar. Why to theſe Horrors, Madam, will you run.
Queen. 'Tis brave to ſeek, what 'tis in vain to ſhun.
One of the Nobleſt Joyes that is above,
Is there to meet thoſe whom we here did love.
Since Fate to grant that Bleſſing does delay,
I would poſſeſs what here of it I may.
Mar. Should the beſt Friend of mine that's dead appear,
I ſhould be ſoon as dead as he with fear.
Queen. Poor *Mariana*; this too much doth ſhow
Thy Soul the Charms of Love did never know.
Hadſt thou been ever warm'd with that bleſt Fire,
What makes thy fear, would then be thy deſire.
Mar. Sure you at *Herod*'s Ghoſt would ſtartled be.
Queen. His Ghoſt! ——— 'tis all of him I long to ſee:
But ſince *Hircanus* and my Brother have
The Priviledge to wander from the Grave;
And pay their Viſits where they're juſtlieſt due,
Why may not *Antipater* do it too.
For if Departed Souls about them bear
Thoſe Vertuous Loves, which did inflame them here;
No place to him, a place of Joy can be,
Where he is baniſh'd from attending me.
Mar. But durſt you look on *Antipater*'s Ghoſt?
Queen. Durſt I? You know that I diſdain to boaſt;
But though he were in that dark place of pain
Which Prieſts do preach of, and which Poets feign:
Yet there, were I but ſure with him to ſtay,
I would —— I would do more than I will ſay.
Mar. But an Infernal ſhape like his may ſeem.
Queen. Nothing Infernal can reſemble him. [*A great flaſh of fire.*
Mar. Bleſs me; what means this ſudden flaſh of light?
My trembling Knees do one another ſmite;
My Hair does ſtare, I ſcarce can draw my Breath,
And a Cold ſeiſes me like that of Death. [*A ſecond flaſh of fire.*
Queen. Guard me, ye bleſſed Angels, for I find
My timorous fleſh ſtrives to infect my Mind:

In Fears Men Sin, I ſcorn to be involv'd,
What is it can reſiſt a Soul reſolv'd?
While terror does the mortal part invade,
To the Immortal, it ſhould Courage add.
Why *Mariana* doſt thou tremble ſo?
Canſt thou be Innocent, and fearful too?
Mar. I dare not ſtay more Prodigies to ſee,
Impute this Rudeneſs to my fear, not me.
[Mariana *goes out trembling, and ſhuts the door after her.*
[*A third, and greater flaſh of fire.*
[Hircanus's *Ghoſt riſes, dreſt in the High-Prieſt's Habit.*
Queen. Ha? 'tis *Hircanus* Spirit does appear,
But why ſhould I my Mother's Father fear.
See how he ſhakes his Head, and ſeems to groan;
Oh, ſince 'twas *Herod* that Uſurp't your Throne,
Why do you not, him, or his Ghoſt purſue,
Rather than me, who ſtill does weep for you. [*Another flaſh of fire.*
[Ariſtobulus's *Ghoſt riſes in the like Habit.*
More Horrors yet? 'tis *Ariſtobulus.*
What makes you, my dear Brother, haunt me thus?
Is it becauſe that I was *Herod*'s Queen,
And that by him, you both have murthered been.
'Twas by *Hircanus*, and by your Command,
That to the Tyrant I did give my hand;
But when to that dire deed I did conſent,
Of both your Murthers, he was Innocent.
[*The two Ghoſts ſhake their heads.*
Then I perceive you judge that I did ill,
Not to kill him, who both of you did kill.
But Heaven does know, I fear'd to do amiſs,
And by a Sin of mine to puniſh his.
Ariſt. Ghoſt. You little know the bleſt place where we are,
Who think, Revenge can find admittance there:
Nothing ſo Helliſh up to Heaven can fly,
Paſſions in Bodies live; and with them dye.
Hir. Ghoſt. No, *Mariamne*, we both now appear,
To tell you, that your hour of Death is near;
And then from Death, you muſt to Judgment come,
To hear from Juſtice ſelf, your endleſs doom;
Before that Bar Actions are truly weigh'd,
The Kings, and Slaves, are in one Ballance laid:
Mitres, and Crowns, which here the World adore,
If ill employ'd, are weights to ſink us more.
Life's but a Race, the longeſt quickly ends;
Yet on it, our *Eternity* depends.
Ariſt. Ghoſt. *ETERNITY*; That word ſo much does weigh,
As if it were pronounc'd but once a day;
With the Belief, and Reverence that is fit
For Worldly trifles, who durſt hazard it?
Since but one Moment of thoſe Joyes w' are in,
Does far tranſcend the longeſt Charms of Sin.
Hir. Ghoſt. Farewel; Remember your laſt hour is near.
[*The Ghoſts deſcend.*
Queen. Only the unprepar'd ſhould dying fear.
Bleſt, and Kind Ghoſts, who Heaven awhile could miſs,
To teach me here the Glorious Way to Bliſs.
[Antip. *within the Scene ſayes.*

Ant.

Ant. The Queen's great Soul is a Reproach to me,
She ſpeaks with thoſe I trembl'd but to ſee:
Now that the Ghoſts are vaniſh't, I'll appear. [*He makes a noiſe.*
Queen. More Ghoſts; or am I cheated by my Ear?
[Antipater *appears.*
Ha? 'tis *Antipater*'s dear Ghoſt I ſee;
In Death as Life he is ſtill kind to me.
Stay, ſtay, you bleſſed Spirit; for I know,
Aſſuming of that ſhape, you muſt be ſo.
Come you to tell me of my dying too?
No news unwelcome is that's brought by you.
Or com'ſt thou to accuſe me that did wed
The bloody Tyrant, who cut off thy Head?
Ah Generous Prince, it was to ſave your Life
That I did yield to be the Monſters Wife.
My kindneſs only made me ſeem untrue,
And for your ſake, I became falſe to you.
Ant. Madam —— I am not Dead ——
Queen. Not Dead? —— O why!
Do you alas the fatal truth deny?
But know, (for I now ſee what you would do)
I dread not Death when I may go with you.
This unkind Doubt of me does make me fear,
Lovers in the other World love leſs than here.
Ant. By your fair Eyes, the Oath I value moſt,
I am *Antipater*, and not his Ghoſt:
And, if, of what I ſwear you doubtful ſtand,
Allow me to confirm it on your hand.
Queen. Take it——but wonder not I tremble ſo,
That's fit, whether you are a Ghoſt or no.
[Antipater *kneels, kiſſes her hand in ſuch tranſports, that ſhe endeavours to withdraw it; but he ſtill holds it.*
Ant. Why to this Joy would you a period give.
Queen. I would not know by guilty proofs you live.
[*She withdraws her hand.*
I am convinc'd that you no Spirit are,
But how you ſcap'd, I beg you will declare. [*He riſes.*
Ant. To tell that ſtory I too dearly pay,
Yet ſince it is your will, I muſt obey.
When *Herod*'s Guards did my Revenge prevent,
To *Maſſada* I was cloſe Priſ'ner ſent.
The Generous *Samias*, to whoſe Friendly Care
The Orders for my Death, intruſted were,
Beheaded a young Slave of his by night,
And to his Body, paid my Funeral right;
Which made all *Paleſtine*, and *Herod* too,
Think he had done the Sin he bid him do.
Thus Heaven preſerv'd whom *Herod* meant to kill,
By which I now have priviledge to kneel. [*He kneels.*
And beg thus at your Feet that you will give
That Joy, which if deny'd, I dare not live.
Queen. Riſe, Generous Prince —— Ah what is't you implore.
Ant. That Bleſſing now you could not grant before.
Queen. Into the blackeſt Inceſt I ſhall run,
If I ſhould wed the Father, then the Son.
Ant. True Love miſtaken Scruples ſhould deſpiſe,
The hand of Death cancels all humane tyes.

Dare you not end what Love made you begin?
Queen. Prince; I for you dare dy, but dare not Sin.
Ant. By ſuch falſe Maxims be not kept in awe.
Queen. But Inceſt is forbid, by Heavens great Law.
Ant. If Inceſt, Madam, be the Sin you fear,
I of that Inceſt the whole Guilt will bear.
My Love were neither generous nor true,
Would I not act one Crime to purchaſe you.
Queen. Ah do not ask what Heaven bids me deny.
Ant. Then give me leave, here, at your Feet to dye.
[Ant. *offers to draw his Sword.*
Queen. Hold, Generous Prince, I might as ſoon agree
To Sin for you, as let you dy for me:
But if you think your Cure in Death to find,
Be not ſo Cruel to leave me behind:
Do not refuſe what now I preſs you to;
Or live with me, or let me dy with you.
Ant. Alas when of your dying I but hear,
All my deſpair I yield up to my fear. [*A great knocking at the door.*
Tamar within.] O Madam, Madam.
Queen. That's *Tamar*'s Voice, Retire awhile, I know
Something Important brings her hither now.
[Ant. *retires within the Scene.*
[*The Queen lets in* Tamar.
Tamar. Madam, I hope this Rudeneſs you'll excuſe,
Since 'tis to bring you moſt ſurpriſing News.
Herod, whom we believ'd till now, was dead,
From his Reſtraint is by *Octavius* freed;
And *Cæſar* on him has confirm'd the Crown,
And what's as ſtrange, *Herod* is now in Town.
He fear'd ſome Inſurrection from the Jews,
And therefore brought of his Succeſs the News.
The *Sanhedrim* to his great Fortune bend,
And through the Streets they all on him attend.
Queen. Never a greater Change was wrought by Fate.
[*To them* Dina *haſtily.*
Din. Madam, the King is at the Palace Gate.
Queen. Will my Misfortunes never have an End?
In my Apartment all of you attend. [Dina *and* Tamar *go out.*
Antipater *comes out.*
Queen. You hear the News of this prodigious turn.
Ant. Yes, Madam; but what News ſhould make me mourn?
For I have nothing now to hope or dread,
Herod's alike to me, alive or dead:
Yet my Complaints my Duty ſhall ſubdue,
Since I can now complain of none but you.
Queen. Do not complain of her whoſe only fault
Is that ſhe loves you much more than ſhe ought.
After theſe guilty words I dare not ſtay,
Shame now, like *Herod*, hurries me away. [Mariamne *goes out.*
Ant. Prodigious Fate! what is't thou doſt mean?
How in an inſtant haſt thou chang'd the Scene:
But thou haſt Joyful hours as well as ſad,
The good I'll court, and I'll outbrave the bad.
[Antip. *goes out at the door he entred.*

ACT II.

The Scene opens.

The Temple appears, and Herod *ſeated on a Throne within it. On his right hand* Annanelus *the High-Prieſt ſtands dreſt in all his Pontifical Habit: On his left hand* Pheroras, Abner, Phaltiel, Samias, Aſdrubal, *with all the Courtiers and the Guards.*

The Singing Prieſts are all in their white Robes, with wreaths of Laurel on their Heads; after ſome time of ſilence, the chief Singer lifts up his right hand, and then the whole Quire of Prieſts ſing the following Song.

SONG.

THoſe Clouds which dare the Sun obſcure,
But a ſhort time endure;
And when he breaks what did his Light confine,
His Beams with brighter Luſtre ſhine.
So Herod's *Danger which we did deplore,*
Serves but to raiſe his Glories more;
He now appears to his glad Subjects ſights,
Like cheerful Mornings after ſtormy nights,
In ſign that we this bleſſing prize,
We offer up whole Herds in Sacrifice:
[*Flames are ſeen behind the Theatre in the Temple.*
And flaming Incenſe on our Altars burn,
To Celebrate Our King's return:
Since to this Temple he new Life does give,
His Fame ſhall in his Piety ſtill live.

This Song is to be ſung twice by the whole Quire of Prieſts; at the firſt ending of the Song Herod *deſcends from the Throne, walks out over the Theatre, attended by all, having a Canopy of State carryed over him by four. By that time the Prieſts have ended the Song the ſecond time, the laſt of the Proceſſion are to be gotten off the Theatre, and then the Scene of the Temple is to be cloſed by the Scene of* Herod's *Apartment.*

Enter Herod, Pheroras, Abner, Phaltiel, Samias, Aſdrubal, *and the Arabian Guards.*

Pher. The *Sanhedrim* are at your Palace Gate,
And beg admittance.
Her. No. There let them wait.
By Fear, not Love, they now are hither drawn,
Baſe Spirits; when inſulting fails, they fawn.
When they but dreamt Fortune had caſt me down,
They did conſult how to beſtow my Crown.
Since they'll not tell on whom that guilt does fall;
Rather than puniſh none, I'll puniſh all.
Juſtice muſt not be mockt.
Pher. But Juſtice then
Should not deſignedly puniſh guiltleſs Men.

Becauſe

Becauſe to you the faulty are not known,
You'll puniſh All, rather than puniſh none.
Her. Since all were preſent at the black Debate,
'Tis they the Guiltleſs muſt *diſcriminate.*
My Reſolution is on Juſtice built;
Who in this Caſe conceals, does ſhare the guilt.
Pheroras, take my Guards, and carry all
The *Sanhedrim* into the Judgment-Hall,
There torture them, till you from ſome have got,
Who firſt propos'd, and then approv'd the Plot.
Phalt. The Jews will riſe in Tumults through deſpair.
Her. Tumults the Frenzies of the People are.
And who in Frenzies ſtrive muſt be withſtood,
Such fits are quickly cur'd by letting Blood.
Sam. 'Tis hard with a whole Nation to diſpute.
Her. But harder when Kings are not Abſolute.
He of a Throne ſhould be unworthy held,
Who to his will makes not his Subjects yield.
Who to obtain that end his Life does give,
Does dy more glorious than he elſe can live.
Brother you ſeem as if you were afraid:
Go you; and ſee theſe Orders now obey'd. [*To* Phalt. Sam. *and* Aſdr.
Pher. Sir, I will never give you cauſe to ſay,
That what you Order, I dare not obey.
Come all with me —— [Pher. Phalt. Sam. *and Guards go out.*
Her. Abner, to thee alone
My Counterfeited Paſſion I made known;
But now I fear 'tis *Mariana*'s due,
That falſe Love made to her muſt change to true;
Love by her Eyes, that Fiction would upbraid,
And burns me in thoſe Flames with which I play'd.
Abn. Sir, ſince the Queen ſome coldneſs did expreſs,
While ſhe unrivall'd did your heart poſſeſs.
May it not, Sir, provoke her to deſpair,
Seeing another in that Glory ſhare.
Her. Perhaps it may—— Perhaps too—— It may not,
Few Women are by reaſon loſt or got:
Since to the Love I paid her ſhee'd not bend,
I try'd a different way to reach my end.
Yet *Abner*, I muſt ſay, to be poſſeſt
As much of hers as ſhe is of my Breaſt;
And to enjoy that Monarchy alone,
I would deſpiſe the Univerſal Throne.
Though I her Coyneſs, and her Pride abhor,
Yet her triumphant Beauties I adore.
Oft I reſolve her coldneſs to reſent,
But I as often that Reſolve repent.
How was it *Mariana* did receive
Thoſe Jewels which to her I bid you give.
Abn. As ſoon as the vaſt preſent ſhe had ſeen,
She ſaid, I had miſtook her for the Queen;
But when to her I ſolemnly did ſwear,
That they by you preſented were to her;
She trembl'd inſtantly, then bluſhing ſaid,
They were too mighty Preſents for a Maid;
And beg'd me I would make you her Excuſe,
Since 'twas her Vertue did thoſe gifts refuſe:

Then-

Then from the Chamber ſhe in haſt did go.
Her. She had good Cauſe, the Off'ring was too low.
'Twas fit ſo great a Beauty ſhould decline
A preſent made by any hand but mine.
O Love; where didſt thou get the Power or Art,
Thus to erect two Thrones within one heart:
That Empire muſt be ſtormy, and decay,
In which at once two different Powers bear ſway.
My Queens aſpiring Soul does daily riſe,
Her Mind is as Imperious as her Eyes.
While *Mariana* with as Conquering Charms,
By her humility my heart diſarms;
Thus to ſubdue me Oppoſites agree,
Yet both produce the ſame effects in me.
Let the Queen know I'm to the Garden gone,
And tell her, I expect her there alone.
[Herod *and* Abner *go out ſeveral ways.*

The Scene the private Gallery of Herod's *Palace.*

Sohemus *meets* Mariana.

Sohe. O Siſter, I am now for ever loſt,
My flatt'ring hopes by my ill Stars are croſt:
The Queen to my Addreſs does cruel prove,
My Services ſhe takes, but ſlights my Love.
While *Solome* her former flame renews,
And with ſuch guilty Love my Love purſues;
That I perceive 'tis the Decree of Fate,
I muſt be ruin'd by her Love or hate.
Mar. If you but for the Queen can Love admit,
Solome muſt be paid with Counterfeit;
Elſe all your hopes of Life will be but Dreams,
Her Soul no Paſſion knows but in extreams.
Sohe. Siſter, you know my Heart could never brook
Whatever did but like diſſembling look.
Mar. Diſſembling muſt to you uneaſy be,
And to perſwade you to it, is to me;
But ſince on you depends all I hold dear,
My Virtue now indulges to my fear.
When in this Love you did at firſt engage,
The ſad effects of it I did preſage;
Now my Prophetick fears I find are true,
——But may it not be yet ſuppreſt by you.
Sohe. O 'tis in vain me to that change to move,
Who once lov'd well can never ceaſe to Love.
Mar. Then you at firſt lov'd *Solome* but ill,
Or by that Rule you ought to love her ſtill;
And if for her a Paſſion you did feign,
For both Our Sakes diſſemble it again.
Sohe. Though once her Beauties gave my Heart the Law.
Yet her Change froze more than her Eyes can thaw.
And you as well may raiſe the dead again,
As Love which has been murther'd by diſdain:
Solome order'd me to meet her here——
Siſter, retire, yonder ſhe does appear.
Mar. O ere I go, let me this promiſe win,
That you'l not think what ſaves us both a Sin.

This

This on my Knees I would of you implore.

[Mar. *says the laſt Verſe as ſhe is going out.*

Sohe. I'll do what Honour bids me, and no more.

Enter Solome.

Solo. Though the laſt uſage I endur'd from you,
Made me reſolve your Ruine to purſue;
And by the Power which I with *Herod* have,
I with one word can ſend you to your Grave:
Yet Love has purchaſt for you a Reprieve,
And makes me this laſt meeting to you give.
You know the truſt which he on you did lay,
And Love, I know, made you that truſt betray:
Herod, as Lawful King, you would not own,
Either of theſe, by me, to him made known;
Would raiſe his Anger, and Revenge ſo high,
As nothing but your Death could ſatisfy.

Sohe. Madam, you need not to your Brother ſue
To take a Life that is abhorr'd by you.
From me your Will ſhall no reſiſtance meet,
I freely lay it, Madam, at your Feet.

Solo. Your Life, *Sohemus*, would my Bleſſing prove,
If you would reaſſume---your---former---Love.

[*She puts her hand before her face.*

Sohe. Why would you have that Paſſion live again,
Which when you could reward, you did diſdain:
In pity, Madam, do not preſs me more,
To ſuffer Shipwrack twice upon one Shore.

Solo. I told you *Herod* forc'd me to that Crime.

Sohe. Force which once aw'd you, may a ſecond time.

Solo. But to repeat a Sin few dare conſent,
Of which they once did really repent.

Sohe. *Herod* I know will make you ſoon repent
Of that Divorce you to your Husband ſent.

Solo. Brother, and King, Husband of beſt degree,
Are empty Names to one that loves like me.
Do but declare that I poſſeſs your Heart,
Then all the reſt truſt to my care and Art:
Thoſe who oppoſe me I'll to Death purſue,
And in vaſt Crimes ſhew as vaſt Love for you.

Sohe. So much your Servant I reſolve to be,
That you ſhall never act a Crime for me.

Solo. Perfidious Man; ſince you my Love diſdain,
I'll tear you hence, where you too long did raign:
All thoſe Objections you to me did move,
Were now I ſee to triumph o're my Love;
And when all Obſtacles I would ſubdue,
I find my greateſt, nay my Only ———You.

Sohe. Were I as proud, or falſe, as now you ſay,
I might with eaſe you by your Love betray:
But by my Faithfulneſs I make you ſhun
Crimes, which would make you hate your ſelf when done:
Ah Madam, 'tis ſevere to uſe me thus,
We give not Laws to Love, but Love to us:
Could we at will quench or revive his Flame,
You'd kill that Love which now you bluſh to name.
If what I ſay cannot your wrath aſſwage,
Here, in my Blood, be pleas'd to drown your Rage.

[*Opening his Arms.*

If over Love I could the Victor prove,
To whom I give my Life, I'd give my Love.
Solo. Too deep a wound thy bold contempt affords,
Ere to be heal'd by Fawnings and by words.
Since thou with ſcorn my proffer'd Love doſt brand,
'Twere too great Death to periſh by my hand. [*Striking her Breaſt.*
Thus——— with one blow Love's Image I deface,
Revenge, do thou aſcend, and take the place.
In thy black Empire few ſucceſsleſs prove,
Whoſe Hearts are fill'd with Rage, as once with Love.
[Solome *goes out.*

Sohe. I ſee her fury cannot be withſtood,
She will allay this tempeſt in my Blood:
Yet to my Death 'tis nobler to ſubmit,
Than to Contract a guilt which merits it. [Sohemus *goes out.*

The Scene the firſt obſcure Grotta.

Enter Antipater, Pollio.

Ant. Diſſwade me not, by all my hopes I ſwear,
Nothing ſhall hinder me to wait on her.
Poll. Your Life in doing it will hazard run.
Ant. 'Twill run more hazard if it be not done:
For Life on no account to me is dear,
But only as it does belong to her.
Poll. Loſe not that Life which for her ſake you prize.
Ant. Ah 'tis not Life while baniſh'd from her Eyes.
To them Phaltiel *and* Samias.
Phalt. Sir, from the Judgment-Hall we now are come,
Where forty noble Jews receiv'd their doom:
Th' *Arabians* putting many to the Rack,
Which in the Plot did not at all partake.
The reſt urg'd by a Vertue moſt ſublime,
The guiltleſs clear'd, and did confeſs their Crime:
But thoſe which were abſolv'd did boldly ſay,
They'd rather periſh than be ſav'd that way.
Sam. Never did men ſo generouſly contend,
Each would have loſt his Life to ſave his Friend.
Ant. My Father's Crown and Life in danger lies,
Attempted thus by them who Death deſpiſe.
Sam. He that in this great Action led the way,
Was *Abner*'s Father, aged *Barzillai*:
All hop'd the favour *Herod* ſhews the Son,
Would for the Father a Reprieve have won:
But as we came out of the *Hippodrome*,
The Orders that he firſt ſhould dye were come.
Ant. What is this *Abner*, for whoſe ſake you thought
My Father might from his revenge be brought?
Since my diſgrace he did to favour climb.
Phalt. To draw him, Sir, at length, requires much time.
He is, to give his Character in ſhort,
In War moſt fierce, moſt humble in the Court
Who merits favour, yet obtains it not,
In him unask'd an Advocate has got.
Reſpect for him he in all hearts has bred,
Becauſe it is not ſought, but merited.

Malice

Malice does fear ſuch Vertue to purſue,
Which makes him favour'd without Envy too.

Enter Hazael *haſtily, who takes* Antip. *aſide.*

Haz. Tamar, your Truſt did with ſuch Joy receive,
And in ſuch Raptures learnt you were alive:
That in diſguiſe as you deſir'd, ſhe's gone
To *Nathan*'s Tomb, to meet you there alone.
Your ſtay with her ſhe begs may be ſo ſhort,
As none may mind her abſence from the Court:
Where over her there are ſuſpicious Eyes.

Ant. My Joys from this bleſt meeting take their Riſe,
My generous Friends, excuſe me for one hour,
I'm drawn from hence by Love's Reſiſtleſs Power.
Mean while, diſperſe your ſelves in ſeveral ways,
For this rough Juſtice muſt a Tempeſt raiſe:
And drive into deſpair the furious Jews,
What ere you learn, let me ſoon hear the News.

[Ant. *and* Haz. *go out haſtily.*

Phalt. I'll try to ſtay him.

Sam. Do not, 'tis in vain.
Reaſon and Love never together reign. [Sam. Phalt. *and* Poll. *go out.*

The Scene is the Palace-Garden.

Enter Herod *and the* Queen.

Her. 'Tis to *Agrippa*, Madam, that I owe
At once my Liberty, and Kingdom too.
With ſuch ſucceſs he did my Cauſe debate,
As he did alter what was thought my Fate.

Queen. Does it not meanly in a Monarch ſhow,
Both thoſe to a Proud Roman King to owe.
But to his Subject thus in Debt to run,
Is what I ſhould elect by Death to ſhun.

Her. Freedom you ſeem, and Empire to abhor.

Queen. No; I love both, but I love Glory more.
For thoſe who do not Glory more eſteem
Than Life and Empire, cannot merit them.

Her. You my Return ſo coldly entertain,
As if ſome other in your heart did reign.

Queen. I for your abſence had no cauſe to mourn,
Nor can I joyful be for your Return.
Neither in me had reaſon to prevail,
Since I but change my Jaylor, not my Jayl.
Your part *Sohemus* acted, you being gone;
And now you are return'd you act your own.

Her. While Rules of Honour you on me obtrude,
You quite forget your Debts of gratitude.
'Twas I that rais'd you to my Bed and Crown,
When all your Houſe were by their Fate caſt down.

Queen. You made them Victims to your Pride and Hate,
And then aſcribe their Ruins to their Fate.
With them I rather would have loſt my Life,
Than be Condemn'd to live their Murtherers Wife.

Her. Madam, there are affronts which preſs ſo near,
That 'tis beyond the ſtrength of Love to bear.

Queen. And there be Loves which ſo offenſive are,
That to be hated were more pleaſant far.

Her.

Her. Take heed, your Death may end ſo bold a ſtrife.
Queen. You ſhould not threaten me with Death but Life.
Her. Oh Curſed *Herod* to give all thy heart
To her who is unworthy of a part.
Queen. 'Tis hard to credit I have all your heart,
Sure---*Mariana*---does poſſeſs a part.
Love that divided is muſt quickly fall.
Her. Then *Mariana* ſhall poſſeſs it all.
Unworthy 'tis of Monarchs, nay of Men,
To pay their Loves where they're not lov'd again.
He merits ſcorn who tamely ſcorn endures,
Yes, I'll recal my heart as you do yours.
Queen. The loſing ſuch a heart ſhould I take ill,
Which you can give and take when ere you will.
Pray teach me too how I ſhould grieve for it,
—— Yet ſuch a Paſſion is for her moſt fit;
Whoſe Family you for her ſake thought good
To waft to Heaven through a Sea of blood:
Of this new Love let this new proof appear,
By the like paſſage pray, Sir, ſend me there.
The greatneſs of your Love will more be ſeen
In making me your Martyr than your Queen.
Her. Spight of affronts ſo ſenſible and high,
Yet for your Beauties ſake you ſhall not dye;
Since while you ſcorn me I my wrath ſubdue,
Judge how I'd love you, would you love me too.
Queen. Love you? Methinks at thoſe two words alone,
I hear the Ghoſts of all th' *Aſmoneans* groan.
Should I once more that guilty motion hear,
Out of their bloody Urns they'd all appear:
And could I grant that Love which now you crave,
They'd fright me with their looks into my Grave.
Her. As well your weakneſs as your hate I ſee,
Can you fear Ghoſts, and not fear angring me?
The dead nere to the living durſt appear,
Ghoſts are but ſhadows painted by our fear.
But were your Houſe reviv'd, did they all reign,
My looks would fright them into Ghoſts again.
Looks, which if you your Crimes do not redeem,
Shall act on you what I but talk'd of them.
Queen. Your trembling Limbs could not your weight ſuſtain,
If once you ſaw me head that Ghaſtly Train:
The ſight would make the Crown upon your brow
Totter as much as Uſurpation now.
If you doubt this, let me to them be ſent,
Heavens, how I long to try th' Experiment.
Her. Imperious Woman, by thy Pride and hate,
Thou haſt at length hurl'd on thy ſelf thy Fate.
Were I as timorous as thy weak Sex,
Me thy Contempt more than thy Ghoſt would vex.
Ho, who waits there?

Enter Gentleman.

Go inſtantly, and call
Some of the *Arabian* Guards, and *Aſdrubal.* [*Exit* Gentleman.
Since thou ſo longſt in hope to frighten me
To be a Ghoſt, that Ghoſt thou now ſhalt be;
In my Apartment thou thy Life ſhalt loſe,
And I that place before all others choſe:

That

That if thy Ghoſt to me it ſelf dare ſhow,
The trembling ſhape ſhall not have far to go.

Queen. Though all the *Aſmoneans* dy'd by your Command,
Yet let your Wife, pray, dy by your own hand.
You ſhould in Juſtice ſome diſtinction place
In murth'ring her, and others of her Race.
I do not beg you would delay my Fate,
But that your ſelf would ſhed the blood you hate.
Since I the Title of your Queen poſſeſt,
Do not deny my firſt and laſt requeſt.
Here—— let your Sword your own Revenge purſue, [*Opening her Arms.*
And pierce that Heart, your feign'd Love could not do.

Her. Feign'd Love? Witneſs ye Sacred Powers above,
What ſhe calls feign'd, till now was Real Love.
A Love which here did with ſuch Empire Reign,
As nothing could have quench'd but her diſdain.
Ah what to prove it could I more have done, [*Enter Aſdr. and the Arabian Guards haſtily.*
Than for thy ſake to kill my only Son.
Seize on the Queen, and let her then be led
To my Apartment, there to loſe her Head.

Aſdr. The Queen, Sir?

Her. Yes, the Queen; Didſt thou not hear,
Or is that Queſtion ask'd me by thy fear?

Aſdr. How ſhould I touch the Partner of your Bed?

Her. Her Death delay'd, ſhall forfeit thy own Head.

Aſdr. Madam, Thus at your Feet my ſelf I lay,
To beg your Pardon, that I dare obey.

Queen. You have it, Sir, why ſhould you troubled be,
At once obeying him, You pleaſure me.
[Aſdrubal *takes the Queen by the Hand to lead her out.*

Her. Now let her to her Death be led away.

Queen. 'Tis your firſt Order, I with joy obey.
[Aſdrubal *leading her out, but ſtill looks back toward* Herod.

Her. Heavens; with what Tortures is my Boſom torn,
I neither can Revenge, nor bear her ſcorn.
My Soul was rack'd till I her Death decreed,
And now the Doom is given, my Heart doth bleed.
[*When* Aſdrubal *has almoſt led the Queen off the Theatre,* Herod *goes haſtily, and taking her from him, ſays.*
How dar'ſt thou on my Queen thus lay thy hands?

Aſdr. The Sin I do, is, Sir, by your Commands.

Her. To wait on Kings thy Judgment is too weak,
Thou knowſt not when, Juſtice, or Rage does ſpeak.
If Paſſion hurls us out of Reaſons way,
'Tis the beſt Duty then, to Diſobey.

Queen. If you Reprieve me from the wiſh'd for Blow,
You'll grieve at it e're long, as I ſhall now.

Her. Your Hate, and your Diſdain, I will outbrave,
Love has reverſt the Doom which Anger gave.
You with the Guards have leave now to retire,
[Aſdrubal *and the Guards go out.*

Queen. Death is deny'd, becauſe I Death deſire.

Her. Madam, retire, and do not by your ſtay,
Augment that Storm which Love ſtrives to allay.

Queen. Heaven knows I go from hence with greater grief
Condemn'd to Live, than now to loſe my Life. [*The Queen goes out.*

Her. How great a Soul does this *Aſmonean* ſhow,
Her generous Heart will rather break, than bow.

While I, who have Battles and Kingdoms won,
Yield to her Pride, and blush for it when done.

[*Herod walks in deep melancholy about the Stage.*

Enter Solome, *who having consider'd a while* Herod's *disorders, says,*

Solo. What fitter time to tell it him than now,
When Grief and Rage sit mingl'd on his Brow.
All Passions must in him at once combine,
To make him act those mischiefs I design.
I met the Queen as she from hence did go, [*To* Herod.
She scarce would look on me———

Her. It may be so.

Solo. Your Sister with respect should treated be.

Her. Respect for you? Why she hath none for me.

Solo. How can one Woman's Pride keep you in awe,
Whose word alone gives to two Kingdoms Law.

Her. Ah, 'tis by much an easier task to guide
Two mighty Kingdoms, than one Womans Pride.

Solo. Your Fame is lost if aw'd thus by your Wife,
You ought to take away her Pride, or Life.

Her. To one who begs, I death to her would give,
'Tis the worst Punishment to let her live.

Solo. If Death she does desire, why should she strive
For that from you she to her self can give.

Her. Perhaps she would have me her Murth'rer prove.

Solo. Life, Sir, is sweet, to one that is in Love.

Her. In Love?

Solo. Yes, Sir, in Love, I say.

Her. With who?
Hold———I would think your malice speaks, not You.

Solo. No, 'tis my Love, and Duty, makes me tell
A Truth, which 'twere a Sin should I conceal:
Nor could they both more generously appear
Than now in telling, what you dare not hear.

Her. No more.——Why should I let into my Breast, [*Aside.*
What would for ever rob me of my Rest!
A thousand horrors in that narrow Room
Have found their Cradle, and may find their Tomb.
This fatal Subject do not then pursue, [*To* Solo.
But pity both your King and Brother too:
Who to the other Torments of his Life,
Knows he should hate, but cannot hate his Wife. [*They both go out.*

ACT

ACT III.

The Scene opens, Herod *appears asleep under a Magnificent Pavilion.*

Hircanus *and* Aristobulus's *Ghosts enter, attended by several other Ghosts, in white, having great stains of blood over all their Garments. They dance Antick Dances, with black Javelins in their hands. The Dances ended they fall all in into one Rank, and march up to* Herod, *brandishing the Points of their Weapons towards him.* Herod *wakes of a sudden, starts up, and draws his Sword, at which all the Ghosts vanish. He stares about him a while, and then sayes:*

Her. VAnisht!——Well have they manag'd their Escapes,
They owe their Safeties to their airy shapes:
Their flesh did with such fear their Souls subdue,
That after Death, their Ghosts turn'd Cowards too.
Poor senseless Devils! that could themselves perswade
To frighten him, by whom they Ghosts were made.
I blush that I the honour did afford,
Of scaring them, by drawing of my Sword. [Herod *puts up his Sword.*
Who waits without? [*A Gentleman comes in.*
Gent. Your Brother, Sir, has been
Above an hour attending.
Her. Call him in. [*The Gentleman goes out.*
That Brother is my Brother but in name,
He does by Honesty aspire at Fame.
By Virtues Charms, to Glory he pretends,
And scruples by bold Crimes to reach great ends. [Pheroras *comes in.*
Pher. Sir, by those Spies which are employ'd by me
To watch the Jews, I find they all agree:
And to your Palace Gates great numbers crowd,
And without fear, their Anger tell aloud.
Her. Those who by talk do give their anger vent,
To great and bold Revenges are not bent;
I'd more suspect them if they did not so.
Pher. Yet winds will murmure ere the storm does blow.
In Policy when you strict Justice do
Seem to lament, at what they force you to.
This may the Jews from their despair withhold.
Her. A King who fears does make his Subjects bold.
Monarchs by solid Rules should Vassals steer,
Dissembling is too near ally'd to fear.
Who to please Subjects some degrees shall fall,
Does give them hopes he may descend from all.
Do not a talking Conquer'd People fear,
They cannot raise such Storms as I feel here.
[*Putting his hand on his Breast.*
Pher. I cannot guess from whence this Storm should rise,
Since you have vanquish'd all your Enemies.
Winning *Agrippa*, you *Octavius* win.
Her. The worst of Storms are those which are within.
O Heavens,
If to wear Crowns to which I was not born
Is Sin——Why do you thus my Head adorn?

But

But if in that I did your will purſue,
Why do you puniſh what you made me do?
Pher. How ſhould I ſee till you unſeal my Eyes,
Whence this Internal Tempeſt, Sir, does riſe.
Her. My Siſter in her Rage ſuch things expreſt,
As ever ſince have ſtole away my reſt:
The fatal words through my Ears pierc'd my Heart,
And are above the Cure of Time or Art.
Pher. 'Tis ſtrange her talk takes ſuch deep root in you.
Her. I dare not think her words are falſe or true.
Pher. Can you but in ſuſpence ſuch Torments find.
Her. Suſpence, 'tis the worſt torture of the Mind.
Our Reaſon and our Valour it controuls,
'Tis in one word, the Chaos of our Souls.
From one Reſolve I to another run,
I know not what to meet, or what to ſhun.
Pher. Then, Sir, to my ſuſpence pray give an end,
Truſt with your Griefs, your Brother, and your Friend.
Her. Solome in her truth, or by her Art,
Would make me think ——— Another has her Heart.
Pher. What Her d' you mean?
Her. What Her elſe can it be,
But my Proud Queen which could ſo torture me?
If to my Love another ſhe prefers,
I'll tear out both her Lovers Heart and Hers.
Then I'll in Flames reduce them both to Duſt,
Flames, which ſhall be as burning as their Luſt:
And when thoſe Thrones of Love to Aſhes turn,
I'll mix their guilty Aſhes in one Urn:
There we ſhall ſee what Charming Fires are bred
In Hearts united, when thoſe Hearts are dead.
This Brother's an Experiment may be,
Worthy an Injur'd King's Philoſophy.
Pher. Give not your Anger, Sir, ſuch guilty vent,
A Sin you Fancy, then a Puniſhment.
Is this the weight which made your Soul to bow.
Her. You talk as if a heavier I could know.
Pher. If Vertue did not the Queens Actions guide,
Her Honour would be guarded by her Pride.
Her. Honour o'r Love, rarely the Field does win,
When Pride does keep the Gate, Love will get in.
Pher. But Love an Entrance always is deny'd
Where Womans Vertue heighten'd is to Pride.
Her. To ſuch extreams it is unſafe to truſt,
Where Vertue turns to Pride, Love may to Luſt.
Sin will from Sin but too ill guarded be,
Nor durſt my Siſter trifle thus with me.
Pher. Believe me, Sir, Our Siſter has miſtook,
She has not prov'd it on the Queen, but look
Falſhood and Luſt which ſo deform'd appear,
Durſt not approach, much leſs reſide in Her.
In her, where Virtue to ſuch height does riſe,
It ſhines both in her Actions and her Eyes. [*Solome comes in to them.*
Her. Siſter—I to *Pheroras* did declare,
That you, of the Queens Virtue, Jealous are.
If ought but Truth leads you to what you do,
The Death I meant for her, ſhall fall on you.

Methinks

Methinks at this your Colour comes and goes,
Does it your Anger, or your Guilt diſcloſe.
Solo. 'Tis a juſt Anger does my Face infect,
Oh Heavens! Can *Herod Solome* ſuſpect?
And can he of that Friendſhip have a doubt,
Which all the actions of her Life make out?
Diſmiſs *Pheroras*, and you ſoon ſhall ſee
With what Injuſtice you ſuſpected me.
Her. Brother, leave *Solome* with me alone.
Pher. Since you Command me, Sir, I muſt be gone. [Pher. *goes out.*
Solo. Before the fatal Secret I declare,
Which will with Horror briſtle ev'ry Hair;
And make you ſummon all your Fortitude,
To help you to ſupport a ſhock ſo rude.
Tell me without Reſerve—Have you not ſeen,
Since your Return, a Coldneſs in the Queen,
Greater by much than you obſerv'd before?
Her. May be I have——Proceed——but ask no more.
Solo. What did you think in her this Change had wrought?
Her. Tell what you know, and ask not what I thought.
Solo. Then know —— yet ſtay—for I begin to fear
Truths againſt Her would but offend your Ear.
Her. Play not thus with my Anger—'tis not good,
The Storm you rais'd, muſt be ſuppreſt by Blood.
It wounds my Soul as long as it endures,
'Tis the Queens Death ſhall end it——or elſe——Yours.
Solo. Alas, I would not live one moment more,
If, Sir, my Death your Honour could reſtore.
Her. My Honour———Speak———I'm rackt by this delay.
Solome. 'Twill rack you worſe to hear what I can ſay.
Her. Rack me then higher yet, if it can be,
That I may others Rack as you do me.
Tell me, oh tell me, of that Man the Name,
Who durſt preſume to rob me of my Fame.
He might all other Crimes have ſafer done,
Than only to have wiſh'd for but this One.
Solo. Soherus is the Perſon who I dread
Has more than offer'd to have wrong'd your Bed:
For when alas we of your Death did hear,
(The thought of which makes me yet ſhake with fear)
And that I preſt him thoſe Commands t' Obey,
Which you on him for the Queens Death did lay.
He ſaid, forbid it Heaven that I the Sin ſhould do,
Which words he ſpoke bluſhing and trembling too:
By which it was too evidently ſeen,
He had a guilty Paſſion for the Queen;
For whom ſo warmly he did then appear,
That he told me you an Uſurper were.
Her. At this I feel ſuch Rage as Man ne'er knew,
Which ſeems to tell me, what you ſpeak is true.
Solo. Your Orders which to him intruſted were
For the Queens Death, he did to her declare.
Her. I thought my Uncle's Death enough had been
To fright all elſe from acting of his Sin.
———Have you a proof of this, the Charge is high?
Solo. Ask him your Self, if he the truth deny,
It ſhall be prov'd by thoſe you cannot doubt.
Her. 'Tis only Love could rack that ſecret out.

Solo. Admire not if thoſe Charms which Conquer'd you,
Had the like Power to Conquer others too.
Her. My fury in untrodden Paths ſhall walk,
But why do I miſpend my time in talk.
If he confeſs, or faintly but deny,
By my own hand, the Queen and He ſhall dy,
Solo. Ah for the Queen, Sir, give me leave to ſue.
Her. Of all the World 'tis moſt unfit in you.
Solo. Perhaps ſhe did not of his Love admit.
Her. She is too guilty in Concealing it.
To me immediately *Sobemus* ſend,
And at my Chamber let ſome Guards attend.
Solo. From this deſign I would your wrath diſſwade.
Her. My anger cannot be by talk allay'd. [Herod *goes out.*
Solo. My fierce Revenge has now begun her flight,
To hurl my Rival into endleſs night;
And her proud Servant to his Coſt ſhall prove,
There's no Revenge like that of ſlighted Love. [Solome *goes out.*

The Scene is the Obſcure Grotta.

Enter Antipater *and* Hazael.

Ant. Yes, I met *Tamar* there.
Haz. And did you find
Her Friendſhip firm in all you have deſign'd.
Ant. Yes, yes, this night I to the Queen ſhall go,
And there, whate'er my Fate is, I ſhall know.
Haz. I hope you have her leave to wait on her.
Ant. She muſt not know of it till I am there:
Since to ſuch Rules of Honour ſhe is ty'd,
That to ask leave were but to be deny'd. [*To them* Phaltiel *and* Samias.
Sam. Oh, Sir, from whence we came ſuch grief we ſaw,
As far tranſcends the skill of Art to draw.
Obſerving as we paſt along the ſtreet,
At *Abner*'s Palace Gate much People meet:
We through it at length did make our way,
Where on a Herſe his Headleſs Father lay.
About it ſtood his Friends and Kindred all,
Whoſe griefs did more than fill the ſpacious Hall;
And ſeem'd to put a Voice into the Stones,
By making them to Echo back their Groans.
Phal. But all their Sorrows ſcarce deſerv'd that name,
Compar'd to *Abner*'s when he thither came;
At his dead Father's Feet himſelf he threw,
Where for a while he lay as Speechleſs too.
Nothing in all his griefs did mean appear,
He neither breath'd one ſigh, nor ſhed one Tear;
But did convince all who were in the Room,
That Grief is ſtill when it is higheſt dumb;
His Eyes did on the pale Corps ſo fix'd ſtay,
As if through them he'd look his Life away.
Sam. At laſt to Heaven he ſuch a look did throw,
As threatned more than all his words could do.
Phal. A look, which *Herod*, if he had been there,
Could not have ſeen but muſt have ſhook with fear.
Sam. Your Father who for *Abner* then did ſend,
To this great Scene of Sorrow gave an end.

He

He at the Meſſage cheerfully did riſe,
And ſuch Contentment ſparkl'd in his Eyes;
As if by it he to the World would ſay,
I go to meet the Fate of *Barzillai.*
Ant. I almoſt envy *Abner*, I confeſs,
Who did his grief ſo generouſly expreſs.
Phalt. Not knowing why *Herod* for *Abner* ſent,
And thinking you would long for the event;
Pollio, who we in a diſguiſe met there,
We ſent to learn it, and then meet us here.
Ant. I for the News impatient am, and wait, [Pollio *comes in.*
But he is come already———Pray relate
What 'tis my Father hath with *Abner* done.
Poll. When he came in, the King ſate on his Throne;
Inviron'd by his Court, and Guards, and all
That Curioſity did thither call.
To whom the noble Youth did boldly ſay,
Sir, though you ſent for me from *Barzillai*,
Yet I with Joy to wait on you am come,
That I from you too may receive my doom.
For ſure I'm Summon'd for no other Cauſe,
Yes———to excuſe the Juſtice of the Laws.
Herod at length did with a ſigh reply,
'Tis they that took your Father's Life; not I.
Any leſs Crime than what my Crown would take,
I would have Pardon'd for my *Abner*'s ſake;
But he who into that great Sin could run,
Cannot deſerve the Tears of ſuch a Son.
Too many for him are already ſpilt.
But Worth to cheriſh, while I puniſh guilt;
Thy Father's, and the forfeitures of thoſe
Who for their Crimes with him their heads did loſe,
With *Jewry*'s Government to thee I give.
Abner with ſighs did the great gifts receive:
And *Herod* then made him the Throne aſcend,
Where he embrac'd him, and did call him Friend.
Ant. This Action his paſt Fame for ever wounds,
He in it for his Father's Blood compounds.
All the great things which by him have been done,
Cannot waſh off the meanneſs of this One.
Poll. But, Sir, as through the Palace Court I paſt,
I ſaw the Guards run to their Arms in haſt;
And though I ask'd the Cauſe I could not know,
Something Important *Herod* means to do.
For Courtiers run about from place to place,
And much of Fear is ſeen in every Face.
Ant. What do you think the Cauſe of this may be?
Phalt. We are as Ignorant of that as he.
Sam. But ſuch Alarms from nothing cannot grow,
'Tis therefore fit we to the Court ſhould go,
And learn from whence this trouble does begin.
Ant. Till your Return, I'll ſtay for you within.
[*They go out ſeveral ways.*

The Scene the Queens Lodgings.

Enter the Queen *and* Mariana.

Mar. 'Tis from *Pheroras* I attend you now,
Who has commanded me to let you know,
That you over your ſelf ſhould watchful be,
For *Solome* who is your Enemy,
Does your Diſhonour with much art purſue,
And fills the King with Jealouſies of you.
Queen. I am indebted to *Pheroras* Care,
Did he name nothing in particular.
Mar. No; for when he but ſpoke in your Defence,
Herod in Anger did command him thence.
What is it, Madam, that provokes her thus?
Queen. Her nature makes her ſtill malicious.
Beſides, her Brother's Will ſhe aims to ſway,
And thinks that I ſometimes obſtruct her way.
Another Cauſe may have her hate begot,
Yet ſince 'tis but my thought, I name it not. [Tamar *comes in haſtily.*
Tam. to *Mar.* My haſt has made me almoſt out of breath,
Herod, I fear, deſigns your Brother's Death;
And all the Guards are running to their Arms,
As they are us'd to do in fierce Alarms.
While *Herod* in Impatience till he comes,
Walks ſtern and ſilent in his private Rooms.
Mar. Pardon thoſe fears which in my Face you ſee,
That Brother is more than the World to me.
Pardon me too if I go ſeek him now,
And, Madam, if I humbly beg of you,
That you *Pheroras* warmly will engage,
To uſe his Power to leſſen *Herod*'s rage.
My Brother's guiltleſs, Madam, but you know,
The King thinks no one, who he hates, is ſo.
Queen. May Heaven direct you in the Happieſt way,
While, I, what you deſire of me, obey. [*They go out ſeveral ways.*

The Scene Herod's *Apartment.*

Herod *with* Aſdrubal, *and ſome of the Guards, comes from within the Scene on the Theatre, at the ſame time* Sohemus, *by another of the Theatre Doors, enters on it.*

Sohe. The Princeſs, Sir, bad me here wait on you.
Her. Now Guards perform that which I bad you do.
[*The Guards immediately ſeize on* Sohemus, *and diſarm him.*
Her. Thy guilt, without my telling, lets thee know,
For what Crime 'tis, that I have us'd thee ſo.
Sohe. Though I muſt judge your uſage, Sir, ſevere,
Yet I with Joy would this Oppreſſion bear,
Were I the only guiltleſs you purſue.
Her. That name of all belongs the leaſt to you.
To thee, whoſe Luſt has to my Queen confeſt,
That Secret I intruſted to thy Breaſt:
Which She of all the World ſhould not have known,
Traytor; in vain thou wilt thy Guilt diſown.

My

My Sister who reveal'd will prove thy Sin.
Heaven's! How I fear'd that it had been the Queen.
[Sohe. *aside lifting up his Hands and Eyes.*
Her. His lifting up to Heaven his Hands and Eyes,
Does Evidence his Crime, by his Surprize.
This Storm which thou hast rais'd, dost thou not dread?
Look on me——Look———Have I not star'd thee dead?
Sohe. Looks cannot make one of my Courage fall.
Her. What my Looks cannot do, my Dagger shall.
[Herod *stabs* Sohemus *thrice, who falls.*
Sohe. By my Compliance I thy Throne have built,
My Death's the Justice due to that base guilt;
Which by my Hand I had aton'd on thee,
Had not thy bloody hand prevented me.
Thunder, the Sword of Heaven, does sure design
That Death for thee which it deny'd to mine.
Tyrant; receive this Truth from my last Breath,
If Man has an Existence after Death;
My Ghost shall haunt thee out in every place,
My gaping Wounds shall stare thee in the Face;
Till thou thy Life a burthen shalt esteem,
Great as thy Subjects found—it was—to them. [Sohemus *dies.*
Her. Would every Foe of mine all hope had lost,
But that of frighting of me with his Ghost.
Guards, to his Grave bear that perfidious Man,
There let him tell my Secrets———if he can.
[*They all go out, the Guards bearing off* Sohemus's *Body.*

ACT IV.

The Scene the Queens Bed-Chamber.

The Queen Seated, Tamar *and* Dina *stand on each hand of her.*

Tam. 'Twas *Mariana*'s sad and fatal Chance,
To meet the Body as they bore it thence:
As soon as she beheld her Brother dead,
From her fair Face the bright Vermilion fled;
And in an instant in her Charming Eyes,
We saw a Cloud blacker than Night arise:
Her Limbs seem'd by their trembling to declare,
Her Sorrow was too great a weight to bear.
Then on his bloody Corps her Self she threw,
Whilst from her Breast extorted Curses flew.
Din. She his pale Cheeks a thousand times did kiss,
Till her red Lips infected were with his:
And to the Wound which through his Breast had made
A passage to his Heart, her Heart she laid;
In hope, which was the end she did pursue,
By the like Sympathy, 'twould kill her too.
Then with a look in which Death Printed was,
Through her cold Lips these moving words did pass:
Herod, Thy Steel my Friendships Truth has Crown'd,
Since to kill both, thou didst but give one Wound:
Then in a Groan she gave her Sorrows vent,
A Groan so vast, her Breath at once it spent;

Which to her Soul to Heaven a paſſage gave,
The only brighter dwelling it could have.
Din. To ſuch a Death our ſtock of Tears was due,
And Sorrow after ſo contagious grew;
As thoſe who bore them to one Grave to reſt,
Seem'd by their Looks of more than Life diveſt.
Queen. She in that Fate which you deplore is bleſt,
Her ſtorms of Life are paſt, and ſhe at Reſt;
And to her Death this envy'd Praiſe is due,
She taught ſuch Friendſhip as the World ne'er knew.
Yet for my Loſs in her theſe Tears I owe,
And truer Tears no Friend did e'er beſtow. [*The Queen weeps.*
Leave me; for my Diſorders ſuch are grown,
As I am only fit to be alone. [Tamar *and* Dina *go out.*

[*The Queen having mus'd a while,* Antip. *diſcovers himſelf, the Queen ſtarts, ſteps back, and ſtands amaz'd.*

Queen. Ha! *Antipater.*
Ant. Yes, Madam, it is he.
Queen. At ſuch a guilty hour to viſit me!
Prince, 'tis your firſt offence, but 'tis too vaſt———
Ant. I come to beg that it may be my laſt.
Since without ſeeing you I cannot live,
And ſince that leave your Virtue will not give;
Thus proſtrate, Madam, at your Feet I lye, [*Kneeling.*
And humbly beg, you'll give me leave to dye.
Queen. What brought you hither, and who hid you there?
Ant. The higheſt Love, and moſt undone Deſpair.
Queen. Ah Prince! What is it that you now have done?
Ant. That which I had, nor Power, nor Will to ſhun:
But as I paid what to my Flame is due;
So, Madam, I will be as juſt to you.
Juſtice would loſe her Name could ſhe deny,
That who offends you, merits not to dye.
And ſince my Love into this Crime has run,
This hand ſhall puniſh what my Love has done.

[*He riſes, draws his Sword, turns the Hilt to the ground, and when he is going to caſt himſelf upon the Point, ſhe ſnatches up the Sword by the Hilt.*

Queen. Oh Heavens! What was it that you meant to do?
Ant. To end my Torments, and be juſt to you.
Queen. Though I your guilty viſit much deplore,
To kill your Self, I ſhould lament much more.
Ant. You cannot to my Death ſuch Sorrows give
As I ſhall feel, if doom'd by you to live.
Queen. How ill thoſe words do with your Love agree,
Is Life a Curſe, while you can live with me?
Oh *Antipater*, this is too ſevere,
I have my ſhare in all thoſe griefs you bear.
And nothing can, alas! my Sorrows heal,
Unleſs kind Heaven would *Judah*'s Laws repeal.
Which were a Sin to wiſh, or to implore.
Ant. Then, Madam, let's reſolve to live no more:
If th' other Life be what is taught us here,
Such Loves as ours muſt needs be happy there.
Queen. Thoſe who the Bleſſings of that Life would win,
Muſt not leave this by any Act of Sin.
Did not the dread of that our Journey ſtay,
I would not hinder you, but lead the way. [Tamar *comes in haſtily.*

Tam.

Tam. Madam, forgive the rudeneſs of my fear.
——Oh Heavens!——the Prince——alas! how came he here?
Herod with *Abner* through the Gallery comes,
And all his Guards have ſeiz'd the Paſſage-Rooms:
Sure he has learnt *Antipater*'s here. [Ant. *draws his Sword.*
Ant. Now, Madam, Fate does on my ſide appear,
For *Herod*, or elſe you, and I, muſt fall,
Our Safeties for my ready Arm do call.
And to that Sword no Sin aſcrib'd can be,
Who takes his Life, that firſt took you from me.
Hee'll think you guilty if he 'ſcape the blow.
Queen. I'd rather be thought guilty than be ſo.
Ant. Preſumptions on his ſide will ſeem too ſtrong.
Queen. 'Tis juſter yet to bear than do the wrong.
Tam. Madam, You ſhould reſolve, the King's at hand.
Queen. Right, Right; Prince 'tis my poſitive Command,
That you on your Revenge now think no more,
But hide your Self where you were hid before.
Ant. Hide? and when you into great Danger go.
Queen. I run more Danger if you do not ſo.
Ant. Madam, he comes all Night with you to ſtay.
Queen. My Uſage ſoon ſhall haſten him away.
Ant. Can the worſt Uſage which you have deſign'd,
Drive him from all the Joys of Womankind?
Queen. Will you then ruin me by your delay?
Ant. Ah, Since you will Command, I muſt obey.
[Antip. *conceals himſelf behind the Queen's Bed.*
Queen. *Tamar* retire, but keep within my Call, [Tamar *goes out.*
What Sins of mine can make ſuch Curſes fall?
[Herod *comes in in his Night-Gown,* Abner *with a Light before him.*
Her. Since I have ſent *Sohemus* to his Tomb,
Madam, I now am come to fill his Room.
Whoe'er offends me, I'll my Victim make.
Queen. You might have ſpar'd him for his Siſter's Sake.
Her you Ador'd, your Pity ought to move.
Her. Revenge a nobler Paſſion is than Love.
You ſeem unmov'd that I his Blood have ſpilt.
Queen. No, I am mov'd; but 'tis at your new guilt.
Her. Madam, What you call guilt, I Juſtice call,
His Crime deſerv'd he by my hand ſhould fall.
Queen. What Provocation could he caſt on you,
To make you both Condemn and kill him too?
Her. Sure you would have me think you do not know.
Queen. I'm not concern'd whether you do or no.
Her. You ought to know the Crimes you made him act,
Your fatal Beauties did his Death contract:
Thoſe Secrets I committed to his Truſt,
His Love reveal'd to you, or elſe his Luſt.
Abner, retire here, I will ſtay this Night. [Abner *aſide.*
Abn. Juſt Heaven aſſiſt me as my Cauſe is right.
Her. Or elſe your Lover's Death you ſo reſent,
As you for it on me your Spleen would vent.
[Abner *having lock'd the door, draws his Sword, and advances towards* Herod.
Abn. Tyrant, prepare thy ſelf, for thou ſhalt dye.
[Herod *ſtarts and turns about towards him.*
My Father's Blood for my Revenge doth cry.

Her.

Her. Treaſon——My Guards——Muſt I his Victim fall?
Abn. Thy Guards, by my Command, are out of call.
No Humane Power ſhall hinder me to pay
The Righteous Debt I owe to *Barzillai.*
Her. He was a Traytor, and was falſe to me.
Abn. He's more a Traytor that is true to thee.
To Thee, who haſt done Crimes t'uſurp a Throne,
Which till thou taughtſt them, were to Man unknown.
To Thee, who all thy bloody ends to gain,
Haſt broke all Bonds both Sacred and Prophane:
That Head thou mad'ſt thy Murthring Axe invade,
Old Age to all but thee had Reverend made.
His Reſtleſs Ghoſt bids me revenge the Crime,
And right at once the injur'd World and him.
Her. Never did Man into like madneſs run,
To kill the Father, and then truſt the Son!
This to my Coſt ſhould let all Monarchs ſee,
That they by halves muſt never Bloody be.
Abn. Since the ſhort time I gave thee to repent
Of thy old Sins, in teaching new is ſpent;
To cut thee off no longer I'll deferr,
The Ghoſt of *Barzillai* thus greets you, Sir.
[Abner *offering to make a thruſt at* Herod, *the Queen interpoſes.*
Queen. I'll now forget, ſince he aſſaults his Life,
All wrongs, and but remember I'm his Wife.
You through my Heart your way to his muſt force.
Abn. Ah let not Innocence ſtop Juſtice Courſe.
He kill'd my Father, he Uſurp'd your Throne;
Your Wrongs I come to puniſh, and my Own.
He ows to both of us his hated Life.
Queen. But I owe him the duty of a Wife.
You of a Subject; *Abner*, then repent,
Kings faults we ſhould not puniſh, but lament.
In this brave Act I will your Pattern be.
Her. Oh Heavens! then ſhe's in earneſt kind to me.
O happy danger which to light has brought
A Truth, which I would by my Death have bought:
Deſiſt, young Man, and I'll thy Pardon give;
I owe thee now, what makes me wiſh to live.
Abn. Hadſt thou no Crime but this, yet thou from me
Doſt merit Death, thinking ſo mean I'd be,
Accept a Pardon from a Tyrant's breath,
Now when I'm to revenge a Father's Death.
Heaven would not me, if I did thee, forgive.
Queen. Hold——I command you, *Abner*, let him live.
You to your Queen ſhould your Obedience yield.
Abn. Ah! You are not my Queen till he is kill'd:
You but a Subject are while he does Reign;
While you are ſo, I your Commands diſdain.
But when my Sword our Debts to him has paid,
Whatever you command ſhall be obey'd.
Queen. Can you then think 'cauſe he uſurp'd my due,
That I have therefore loſt my Right ore you.
This misbelief involves you in his Crime,
You'll act your Self, what you'd revenge on him.
Her. If in my hand he but a Sword did ſee,
Your Mediations ſoon ſhould needleſs be.

That

That Death he means for me on him I'd fling,
No Subject can in Fight reſiſt his King.
Abn. Tyrant, not King; know, guilt is ſuch a Charm,
As would a ſtronger hand than thine diſarm.
Her. 'Twere brave wouldſt thou but try what thou doſt ſay.
Abn. I would, if 'twould not my Revenge delay.
Queen. Since my Command ſo uſeleſs now appears,
I'll try if I can move you by my Tears. [*The Queen weeps.*
Abn. Ah would the Ghoſts of all your Murther'd Line,
Stalk'd in your Sight as *Barzillai*'s in mine.
The Ghaſtly Viſions could not be withſtood,
You weep but Tears of Water, they of Blood.
Her. To loſe my Life more fit for me appears,
Than to preſerve it, Madam, by your Tears. [*Putting away the Queen.*
Such precious Showrs a Trayror ſhould not have,
Reſerve them, Madam, to adorn my Grave.
I would with Pleaſure have my Life reſign'd,
But to have thought you, what I find you, kind.
Now nothing grieves me in my Fate but this,
That it is ſent by hands ſo vile as his.
Abn. Since by my hand to dy does grieve thee ſo,
The knowing it ſhall haſten on the blow.
[Herod *the ſecond time holds the Queen from him with one hand, and puts by* Abner's *thruſt with the other, yet ſtill ſhe interpoſes her Self.*
[Antip. *while this is doing looks from behind the Bed, as* Tamar *looks in at the door.*
Tam. The Queens high Vertue does my Soul amaze,
Since She's in Danger, I the Court will raiſe. [*She runs out.*
Ant. How Love and Duty does my Breaſt divide.
Abn. Heaven to thy Heart at laſt my hand will guide.
[Abner *making a furious thruſt at* Herod, *the Queen puts it by, and he wounds her in the Arm, at which he ſtops and ſays.*
Oh Madam, Pardon th' unintended Guilt.
Queen. I will, if nothing but my Blood be ſpilt.
Her. How dar'ſt thou think that Heaven thy hand would ſteer,
Since Sacrilegiouſly it wounded her.
Abn. Againſt my will Heaven did this Crime decree,
To puniſh her ſo long defending Thee.
I'll kill him yet though th' Altar he embrac'd.
Queen. And I'll defend him while my Life does laſt.
[Antip. *runs from behind the Bed, draws his Sword, and advancing ſays:*
Ant. To ſave her! her Orders diſobey,
[Abner *renews his Aſſault, the Queen and* Herod *put by his thruſt.*
Hold, *Abner*, Hold, and turn thy Sword this way:
Since the Queens Sacred Blood by thee is ſpilt,
Not to Revenge it were as black a Guilt.
Abn. Ha! *Antipater*; how am I amaz'd,
Hell has the dead to help the Tyrant rais'd.
Ant. No, 'tis by Heaven that I preſerv'd have been,
That in thy Blood, I might revenge the Queen.
Yet I muſt grieve I can but ſtrike thee dead,
For all the Tears, and Blood, thou mad'ſt her ſhed.
[Herod *gazes at* Antip. *and looks like a man aſtoniſh'd.*
Abn. Sure *Antipater* once his Head had loſt,
Herod has conjur'd, and has rais'd his Ghoſt.
Ant. That I'm no Ghoſt thy Death ſhall ſoon make known.
Abn. Art thou no Ghoſt? Why then I'll make thee one.

Her. Treaſon——My Guards—— Muſt I his Victim fall?
Abn. Thy Guards, by my Command, are out of call.
No Humane Power ſhall hinder me to pay
The Righteous Debt I owe to *Barzillai.*
Her. He was a Traytor, and was falſe to me.
Abn. He's more a Traytor that is true to thee.
To Thee, who haſt done Crimes t'uſurp a Throne,
Which till thou taughtſt them, were to Man unknown.
To Thee, who all thy bloody ends to gain,
Haſt broke all Bonds both Sacred and Prophane:
That Head thou mad'ſt thy Murthring Axe invade,
Old Age to all but thee had Reverend made.
His Reſtleſs Ghoſt bids me revenge the Crime,
And right at once the injur'd World and him.
Her. Never did Man into like madneſs run,
To kill the Father, and then truſt the Son!
This to my Coſt ſhould let all Monarchs ſee,
That they by halves muſt never Bloody be.
Abn. Since the ſhort time I gave thee to repent
Of thy old Sins, in teaching new is ſpent;
To cut thee off no longer I'll deferr,
The Ghoſt of *Barzillai* thus greets you, Sir.
[Abner *offering to make a thruſt at* Herod, *the Queen interpoſes.*
Queen. I'll now forget, ſince he aſſaults his Life,
All wrongs, and but remember I'm his Wife.
You through my Heart your way to his muſt force.
Abn. Ah let not Innocence ſtop Juſtice Courſe.
He kill'd my Father, he Uſurp'd your Throne;
Your Wrongs I come to puniſh, and my Own.
He ows to both of us his hated Life.
Queen. But I owe him the duty of a Wife.
You of a Subject; *Abner*, then repent,
Kings faults we ſhould not puniſh, but lament.
In this brave Act I will your Pattern be.
Her. Oh Heavens! then ſhe's in earneſt kind to me.
O happy danger which to light has brought
A Truth, which I would by my Death have bought:
Deſiſt, young Man, and I'll thy Pardon give;
I owe thee now, what makes me wiſh to live.
Abn. Hadſt thou no Crime but this, yet thou from me
Doſt merit Death, thinking ſo mean I'd be,
Accept a Pardon from a Tyrant's breath,
Now when I'm to revenge a Father's Death.
Heaven would not me, if I did thee, forgive.
Queen. Hold——I command you, *Abner*, let him live.
You to your Queen ſhould your Obedience yield.
Abn. Ah! You are not my Queen till he is kill'd:
You but a Subject are while he does Reign;
While you are ſo, I your Commands diſdain.
But when my Sword our Debts to him has paid,
Whatever you command ſhall be obey'd.
Queen. Can you then think 'cauſe he uſurp'd my due,
That I have therefore loſt my Right ore you.
This misbelief involves you in his Crime,
You'll act your Self, what you'd revenge on him.
Her. If in my hand he but a Sword did ſee,
Your Mediations ſoon ſhould needleſs be.

That Death he means for me on him I'd fling,
No Subject can in Fight resist his King.
Abn. Tyrant, not King; know, guilt is such a Charm,
As would a stronger hand than thine disarm.
Her. 'Twere brave wouldst thou but try what thou dost say.
Abn. I would, if 'twould not my Revenge delay.
Queen. Since my Command so useless now appears,
I'll try if I can move you by my Tears. [*The Queen weeps.*
Abn. Ah would the Ghosts of all your Murther'd Line,
Stalk'd in your Sight as *Barzillai*'s in mine.
The Ghastly Visions could not be withstood,
You weep but Tears of Water, they of Blood.
Her. To lose my Life more fit for me appears,
Than to preserve it, Madam, by your Tears. [*Putting away the Queen.*
Such precious Showrs a Trayror should not have,
Reserve them, Madam, to adorn my Grave.
I would with Pleasure have my Life resign'd,
But to have thought you, what I find you, kind.
Now nothing grieves me in my Fate but this,
That it is sent by hands so vile as his.
Abn. Since by my hand to dy does grieve thee so,
The knowing it shall hasten on the blow.
[Herod *the second time holds the Queen from him with one hand, and puts by* Abner's *thrust with the other, yet still she interposes her Self.*
[Antip. *while this is doing looks from behind the Bed, as* Tamar *looks in at the door.*
Tam. The Queens high Vertue does my Soul amaze,
Since She's in Danger, I the Court will raise. [*She runs out.*
Ant. How Love and Duty does my Breast divide.
Abn. Heaven to thy Heart at last my hand will guide.
[Abner *making a furious thrust at* Herod, *the Queen puts it by, and he wounds her in the Arm, at which he stops and says.*
Oh Madam, Pardon th' unintended Guilt.
Queen. I will, if nothing but my Blood be spilt.
Her. How dar'st thou think that Heaven thy hand would steer,
Since Sacrilegiously it wounded her.
Abn. Against my will Heaven did this Crime decree,
To punish her so long defending Thee.
I'll kill him yet though th' Altar he embrac'd.
Queen. And I'll defend him while my Life does last.
[Antip. *runs from behind the Bed, draws his Sword, and advancing says:*
Ant. To save her I her Orders disobey,
[Abner *renews his Assault, the Queen and* Herod *put by his thrust.*
Hold, *Abner*, Hold, and turn thy Sword this way:
Since the Queens Sacred Blood by thee is spilt,
Not to Revenge it were as black a Guilt.
Abn. Ha! *Antipater*; how am I amaz'd,
Hell has the dead to help the Tyrant rais'd.
Ant. No, 'tis by Heaven that I preserv'd have been,
That in thy Blood, I might revenge the Queen.
Yet I must grieve I can but strike thee dead,
For all the Tears, and Blood, thou mad'st her shed.
[Herod *gazes at* Antip. *and looks like a man astonish'd.*
Abn. Sure *Antipater* once his Head had lost,
Herod has conjur'd, and has rais'd his Ghost.
Ant. That I'm no Ghost thy Death shall soon make known.
Abn. Art thou no Ghost? Why then I'll make thee one.

That which the Tyrant to my Houſe has done,
Calls me to kill the Father and the Son.
[*They fight*, Abner *falls*, *mortally wounded.*
Ant. That Death which thou deſerv'dſt thou now haſt got.
Abn. I merit it, becauſe I kill'd him not.
Th' Attempt was noble, though it did not thrive,
'Tis well—I do not—the diſgrace——outlive. [*He dies.*
Antipater to the *Queen.* Accept this little Service I have done,
And let me now proceed as I begun,
A thouſand Storms the Tyrants brows diſplay,
Which his Death only, Madam, can allay.
Queen. Prince, you were order'd, where you were, to ſtay.
Ant. Your danger, Madam, made me diſobey.
Queen. How many ills on your Diſcovery wait?
Ant. By acting his let us prevent our Fate.
'Tis Heaven has ſent us this propitious time.
Queen. I will not owe Our Safeties to a Crime.
His Kindneſs I command you to implore,
If this you Diſobey, ne'er ſee me more.
Ant. Madam, I'm All Obedience, you ſhall ſee,
When to obey is but to ruin me.
[Antipater *Bows to* Herod, *and lays his Sword at his Feet.*
Her. Is this a Dream which does my Eyes abuſe,
If they ſee right, would I had loſt their uſe:
How is my Reaſon by my Paſſions toſt,
Tell me; Art thou my Son——or elſe———his Ghoſt?
[*Enter haſtily* Solome, Pheroras, Phaltiel, Tamar, Aſdrubal, *and ſome of the Guards, All the men with their Swords drawn, who ſeeing* Abner *dead, and* Antipater *alive, ſtand on a ſudden as People aſtoniſhed.*
Ant. I am that Son you thought was in his Grave,
Reſcu'd by Heaven that I your Life might ſave.
Her. Who from my Doom did ſave thy guilty Head?
And who conceal'd thee now behind her Bed?
All thy Diſſembling's vain;———It was———my Wife.
Ant. 'Twas your good Genius to preſerve your Life.
Her. To find thee here, and to be ſav'd by thee,
Makes Life a worſer Doom than Death could be. [Herod *muſes awhile.*
[*The Queen ſpeaks to* Tamar *privately.*
Queen. Run, run, ſeek *Samias* out and bid him fly,
Till we have learnt the Prince's Deſtiny.
Tam. Permit me firſt, Madam, to dreſs your Wound.
Queen. 'Tis but a ſcratch, and 'tis already bound. [Tamar *goes out.*
Herod. Never was Man with ſuch misfortune Croſt, [*Lifting up his hands.*
I am preſerv'd to ſee my Honour Loſt.
Fool that I was to think that Son, that Wife,
For any other end, would ſave my Life.
Ant. Whoe'er a doubt of the Queens Vertue ſhows,
Sins worſe in that, than he can think ſhe does.
Is this all the Return to her you give,
Who made you by her Blood and Kindneſs live?
Can you ſuſpect who did ſo much for you,
To her own Fame, and yours, can prove untrue?
Queen. Ah Prince, why do you thus miſpend your Breath,
'Tis a much milder Fate to ſuffer Death:
Than live to ſee him our bright Vertues blot,
Since Merit cannot change him, words will not.

In

In his ungrateful guilt ſtill let him lye,
But let us in our Innocency dye.

Pher. How can you think, Sir, that your Son and Wife,
Had they your Honour wrong'd, would ſave your Life?
And that their Innocence might more be ſhown,
They for your Safety did expoſe their own.

Solo. Brother, 'twere fit you theſe great Doubts would clear,
What brought him hither, who conceal'd him here?
But 'tis the Queen muſt Anſwer them, not you.

Queen. She does deſpiſe your Arts and Malice too.

Solo. Madam, I wiſh your Actions may not ſhow,
That you as much deſpiſe your Honour too.

Ant. Kill her for what ſhe ſaid, or elſe kill me,
For tamely hearing ſuch a Blaſphemy.

Her. What does my Wife but touch, I find wounds you.

Ant. She had been mine, had you not took my due;
Which I'd Revenge, but that the Queen does tye
My Arm; and therefore I but ſeek to dye.

[Herod *ſnatches up the Sword which* Antipater *had laid at his Feet.*

Her. O Heavens, what is it that I live to hear?
Th' affront I merit, if th' affront I bear:
Thy Death is from my hand too juſtly due,
Both for thy old Offences and thy new.

[*He runs at* Antipater, *who opens his Arms to receive the thruſt,* Pheroras *ſeizes on* Herod's *hand, and at the ſame time the Queen offers to interpoſe.*

Pher. O hold; though I condemn what he has done,
Yet let not, Sir, your Paſſion kill your Son.
The Juſtice of your Laws that Right will do,
Which all will blame, if 'tis impos'd by you.

Her. Juſtice and Laws—— They're too Pedantick things,
To act the vengeance of offended Kings.
Since thou my hand in paying mine has ſtaid,
Guards, let him be to *Maſſada* convey'd.
On your Lives inſtantly convey him hence,
Juſtice, and Laws, in time, may bring him thence.

[Pheroras *delivers himſelf up to the Guards.*

Pher. To Priſon, nay to Death, I'll rather go,
Than ſee thoſe Crimes, which here you mean to do.

Her. Away with him. [Pher. *and ſome of the Guards go out.*

[Ant. *kneels, opening his Arms.*

Ant. Now act what you deſign'd,
'Tis in that only, I ſhall think you kind.

Her. Doſt thou firſt wrong me, then outbrave me ſo?

[Herod *runs at* Ant. *The Queen puts her ſelf between* Herod *and* Antipater.

Queen. If you will kill him, you ſhall kill me too.

Her. Ha; will She of her Crimes convince me more?

Queen. Honour does now, what Duty did before.

Her. That Fire of Luſt which in their Boſoms burns,
Makes them each others Champion, now, by turns.
I am convinc'd of what I did but doubt,
My Infamy ſo groſly they make out;
That a ſwift Death my Juſtice does eſteem
Too great a Mercy, to be ſhew'd to them.
Thou, *Aſdrubal*, here with the Queen ſhalt ſtay;
If ſhe eſcape, thy Life for it ſhall pay.

Phaltiel;

Phaltiel; that Traytor's Son to *David*'s Tower
With Guards convey, where you are Governour.
I'll have him Chain'd, and in the Dungeon too. [Phaltiel *seizes on* Ant.
Phalt. What you have order'd I'll exactly do.
Ant. 'Tis time to dy, when you'll my Jaylor be.
Phalt. whiſpers to *Antip.* I play this part, to ſave both you, and me.
Antip. whiſpers to *Phalt.* No more —— admire not, I ſuſpected thee.
For the Queens Sufferings have diſtracted me.
[Phalt. *leads out* Ant. *with ſome of the Guards, when he comes to the door, he turns about, and bowing to the Queen ſays:*
Ant. Madam, until we meet in Heaven, Farewel.
[*The Queen bows to him and weeps.*
Her. You ne'er ſhall meet again, unleſs in Hell.
Ye Sacred Powers above whom I adore, [*Lifting up his Eyes and Hands.*
This only Bleſſing I from you implore;
Teach me on them ſo well my Self to right,
That to expreſs Revenge in all its height;
Men ſhall, in future times, need but to ſay,
That it has been perform'd, in *Herod*'s way.
[*They all go out,* Aſdrubal *leading the Queen within the Scenes.*

ACT V.

The Scene Solome's *Apartment.*

Enter Solome *and* Aſdrubal.

Solo. THough you *Coſſabanes*'s Subject are,
Yet I of you have took the greateſt Care,
And to my Favour only, 'tis you owe
Thoſe high Employments, you are rais'd to now.
Aſdr. Nothing with greater Joy I can admit,
Than owning of the Debt, but paying it.
Solo. I'll try you then—Know *Herod* does repent,
That he to *Maſſada Pheroras* ſent:
That Brother ſtill has my deſigns withſtood.
His Puling Vitrue does diſgrace our Blood.
If he return, his Intereſt ſuch will grow,
That all my Plots, now ripe, he will o'erthrow.
To hinder this is only in your Power,
For you of *Maſſada* are Governour.
Aſdr. But Madam, if the King ſends a Command
To free him, who thoſe Orders dare withſtand?
Solo. Thoſe Orders while I can, I will delay,
But——In obeying you may diſobey.
Aſdr. I underſtand you not.
Solo. Do you not think
That a few ſubtle drops, mixt in his drink,
May in a Moment ſend *Pheroras* where
He aims to be———and———where I wiſh he were.
Such Death as this, would make all *Iſrael* ſay,
'Twas his grief only took his Life away.
Methinks at this you ſhould not ſcrupulous be,
'Twixt Stateſmen, 'tis a common Courteſy.
Aſdr. Sins by their Commonneſs the worſe are made.
Solo. You, who I need to my Revenge perſwade,

Are

Are too unfit my deep designs to wed,
But on your Life keep Secret all I said.
Be gone——— [Asdr. *offers to go out.*
Asdr. If I refuse to do the Crime,
Shee'll by some others Poison me and him. [*He returns.*
But on his Death doth your designs depend?
Solo. Without it all my hopes are at an end.
Asdr. Then, Madam, there's no duty you shall know
Greater than that which to your will I owe.
Solo. When this deed is perform'd, every degree
That I ascend, you shall ascend with me.
Consider too were but *Pheroras* gone,
There is between the Crown, and me, but One
Who while he lives my Councils still will sway,
And when hee's dead———But I too much do say.
———It must be done with Secrecy and speed.
Asdr. You may already reckon he is dead. [Herod *comes in.*
Solo. Retire; for *Herod* comes to visit me, [Asdr. *goes out.*
What strange Disorders in his looks I see.
Her. Ah would my Stars had then my Death design'd,
When I so easily believ'd her kind.
By her appearing in my Lifes defence,
I had gone happy, though deluded hence.
For such a Death, though scarce a worse could be,
Were better than that Life reserv'd for me.
Alas, *Herod*'s Ambition was not Great,
That would have dy'd content, though by a Cheat.
O *Salome*———
Solo. What, Sir, distracts you now.
Her. Those Loads I bear, would make ev'n *Atlas* bow.
What I, and all my Court, nay Guards have seen,
Makes me resolve to kill my Son and Queen:
But then when I reflect on what was done,
To save my Life, both by my Queen and Son:
Which if of my disgrace they guilty were,
Was what they ought to end, and not to spare:
When too they might my Death to *Abner* owe,
It so distracts me, that I do not know
Which of the Sins I greater should esteem,
Or that of killing, or not killing them.
Some Power, which Justice knows, instruct me now,
What I am not, or what I am to do.
Solo. You wonder why they of your Life took Care,
But I admire, why the Queen hid him there:
Her Love to him you once did so much dread,
As you Decreed, that he should lose his Head.
Think you by chance he to her Bed did stray,
Or came he there, but to talk time away?
Did he at all in your Defence appear,
Till *Abner*'s Sword, by Chance, had wounded her:
But then with Rage he on the Traytor flew,
Which proves it was to rescue her, not you.
That he your danger saw, you cannot doubt,
But till her danger call'd he stir'd not out.
Her. I like these Observations well———Proceed,
My Justice has that Traytor's Death decreed:
Ah for the Queen would you the like could find,
'Tis she alone which now distracts my Mind.

Phaltiel; that Traytor's Son to *David*'s Tower
With Guards convey, where you are Governour.
I'll have him Chain'd, and in the Dungeon too. [Phaltiel *ſeizes on* Ant.
Phalt. What you have order'd I'll exactly do.
Ant. 'Tis time to dy, when you'll my Jaylor be.
Phalt. whiſpers to *Antip.* I play this part, to ſave both you, and me.
Antip. whiſpers to *Phalt.* No more —— admire not, I ſuſpected thee.
For the Queens Sufferings have diſtracted me.
[Phalt. *leads out* Ant. *with ſome of the Guards, when he comes to the door, he turns about, and bowing to the Queen ſays:*
Ant. Madam, until we meet in Heaven, Farewel.
[*The Queen bows to him and weeps.*
Her. You ne'er ſhall meet again, unleſs in Hell.
Ye Sacred Powers above whom I adore, [*Liſting up his Eyes and Hands.*
This only Bleſſing I from you implore;
Teach me on them ſo well my Self to right,
That to expreſs Revenge in all its height;
Men ſhall, in future times, need but to ſay,
That it has been perform'd, in *Herod*'s way.
[*They all go out,* Aſdrubal *leading the Queen within the Scenes.*

ACT V.

The Scene Solome's *Apartment.*

Enter Solome *and* Aſdrubal.

Solo. THough you *Coſſabanes*'s Subject are,
Yet I of you have took the greateſt Care,
And to my Favour only, 'tis you owe
Thoſe high Employments, you are rais'd to now.
Aſdr. Nothing with greater Joy I can admit,
Than owning of the Debt, but paying it.
Solo. I'll try you then—Know *Herod* does repent,
That he to *Maſſada Pheroras* ſent:
That Brother ſtill has my deſigns withſtood.
His Puling Vitrue does diſgrace our Blood.
If he return, his Intereſt ſuch will grow,
That all my Plots, now ripe, he will o'erthrow.
To hinder this is only in your Power,
For you of *Maſſada* are Governour.
Aſdr. But Madam, if the King ſends a Command
To free him, who thoſe Orders dare withſtand?
Solo. Thoſe Orders while I can, I will delay,
But——In obeying you may diſobey.
Aſdr. I underſtand you not.
Solo. Do you not think
That a few ſubtle drops, mixt in his drink,
May in a Moment ſend *Pheroras* where
He aims to be———and———where I wiſh he were.
Such Death as this, would make all *Iſrael* ſay,
'Twas his grief only took his Life away.
Methinks at this you ſhould not ſcrupulous be,
'Twixt Stateſmen, 'tis a common Courteſy.
Aſdr. Sins by their Commonneſs the worſe are made.
Solo. You, who I need to my Revenge perſwade,

Are

Are too unfit my deep designs to wed,
But on your Life keep Secret all I said.
Be gone——— [Asdr. *offers to go out.*
Asdr. If I refuse to do the Crime,
Shee'll by some others Poison me and him. [*He returns.*
But on his Death doth your designs depend?
Solo. Without it all my hopes are at an end.
Asdr. Then, Madam, there's no duty you shall know
Greater than that which to your will I owe.
Solo. When this deed is perform'd, every degree
That I ascend, you shall ascend with me.
Consider too were but *Pheroras* gone,
There is between the Crown, and me, but One
Who while he lives my Councils still will sway,
And when hee's dead———But I too much do say.
———It must be done with Secrecy and speed.
Asdr. You may already reckon he is dead. [Herod *comes in.*
Solo. Retire; for *Herod* comes to visit me, [Asdr. *goes out.*
What strange Disorders in his looks I see.
Her. Ah would my Stars had then my Death design'd,
When I so easily believ'd her kind.
By her appearing in my Lifes defence,
I had gone happy, though deluded hence.
For such a Death, though scarce a worse could be,
Were better than that Life reserv'd for me.
Alas, *Herod*'s Ambition was not Great,
That would have dy'd content, though by a Cheat.
O *Solome*———
Solo. What, Sir, distracts you now.
Her. Those Loads I bear, would make ev'n *Atlas* bow.
What I, and all my Court, nay Guards have seen,
Makes me resolve to kill my Son and Queen:
But then when I reflect on what was done,
To save my Life, both by my Queen and Son:
Which if of my disgrace they guilty were,
Was what they ought to end, and not to spare:
When too they might my Death to *Abner* owe,
It so distracts me, that I do not know
Which of the Sins I greater should esteem,
Or that of killing, or not killing them.
Some Power, which Justice knows, instruct me now,
What I am not, or what I am to do.
Solo. You wonder why they of your Life took Care,
But I admire, why the Queen hid him there:
Her Love to him you once did so much dread,
As you Decreed, that he should lose his Head.
Think you by chance he to her Bed did stray,
Or came he there, but to talk time away?
Did he at all in your Defence appear,
Till *Abner*'s Sword, by Chance, had wounded her:
But then with Rage he on the Traytor flew,
Which proves it was to rescue her, not you.
That he your danger saw, you cannot doubt,
But till her danger call'd he stir'd not out.
Her. I like these Observations well———Proceed,
My Justice has that Traytor's Death decreed:
Ah for the Queen would you the like could find,
'Tis she alone which now distracts my Mind.

It was her Kindneſs ſure made her appear
In my defence.
Solo. No, 'twas her Intereſt, Sir.
She fear'd that thouſands would revenge her Sin,
If in her Chamber you had murther'd been:
For no one could, though *Abner* did the Crime,
He being kill'd, attribute it to him:
But had the truth it ſelf been brought to light,
Her hiding there, that guilty hour of night,
Him, who for Loving her, to Death you ſent,
Would make all judge ſhe was not Innocent;
Which ſhews her Safety only made her do
What you but dream'd her Kindneſs led her too.
Her. Speak on——Speak on———'tis Muſick to my Ears,
My miſt of Doubts thy Conquering Reaſon clears.
Solo. Nor could they ſcape the Vengeance of their Sin,
Though by your Death your Son our King had been.
Since had that Sacred Title aw'd them all,
Yet I, on both, would have reveng'd your Fall.
Brother——there's no ſuch deſpicable thing
In all the World, as a tame Cuckold King. [Herod *ſtarts.*
Yet your ill Fate in that has all outdone,
For you alas are made one, by your Son:
If you can live under that Infamy,
Then Pardon both——if not——then both muſt dye.
'Tis but their Crime if they your Honour blot,
But it is yours, if you Revenge it not.
Her. I will no longer then thus trifling ſtand,
This Night the Queen ſhall dy—and by my hand:
Since ſhe has been the Partner of my Bed,
'Tis only I that ought to ſtrike her dead.
O Heavens forgive my Criminal Debate, [*Lifting up his Hands and Eyes.*
Her Doom is Seal'd, paſt the Reverſe of Fate.
That Traytor *Samias* from the Court is fled,
But I'll at leiſure take his guilty head.
Solo. Since you are forc'd your Son and Wife to kill,
You ought no more of your own Blood to ſpill.
Your Pardon for *Pheroras*, Sir, I crave,
Grief elſe, I fear, will ſend him to his Grave;
And when he has been Pris'ner one day more,
Be pleas'd his freedom to him to reſtore.
He'll tread no more in ſuch a dangerous path.
Her. He is too mean an Object for my wrath;
And does on whining Vertue ſet ſuch price,
As makes it much more troubleſome than Vice.
Let all my Guards in Arms e'er Midnight be,
'Tis the laſt hour the Queen ſhall ever ſee:
Thoſe Stains which on my Honour ſhe does lay,
Shall then, in her own blood, be waſh'd away. [*They go out ſeverally.*

The Scene the Tower of David.

Enter Antip. Phalt. Sam. Pollio, *and* Hazael.

Sam. Diſcovering of your Self has ruin'd all.
Ant. Talk not of that which now is paſt recal.
Phalt. What you reſolve muſt be immediately,
Since *Herod* doubts not whether you ſhould dy;

But ſtudies for that Death may be to you
Moſt full of pain, and Ignominy too.
Ant. The Queen her ſelf to ſuch ſtrict Virtue ties,
That 'tis from thence my greateſt troubles riſe.
[Phaltiel's *Page comes in haſtily.*
Page to *Phal.* A Lady that is Veil'd and in a Mask,
With preſſingneſs to ſpeak with you does ask:
Her buſineſs, Sir, admits not of delay.
Ant. to *Phalt.* See who ſhe is, and hear what ſhe will ſay.
[Phalt. *and the Page go out.*
Haz. Such Labyrinths involve you, that I doubt
'Tis only Miracles can bring you out.
Ant. So bright and great her Vertues ſtill appear,
That we may hope for Miracles for her.
Howe'er our Duties let us not decline,
And truſt the Iſſue to the Powers Divine.
[Phaltiel *comes in haſtily, leading* Tamar, *who takes off her Mask, and turns up her Veil.*
Tam. Oh if to ſave the Queen be in your Power,
You ought not to delay it, Sir, one hour.
From *Herod*'s Palace I in haſt am come,
His Guards begin to ſeize on every Room:
And one of them did tell me in a fright,
That *Herod* means to kill the Queen this Night;
They all hang down their Heads, and ſigh and weep,
And e'er ſhe's dead her Funeral Rites they keep:
While ſhe (had ſhe the means) does ſcorn to fly,
And full of Joy, as Innocence, would dye.
Ant. O Friends; hearing what *Tamar* tells us now,
Can you refuſe to join in this juſt Vow,
That whoſoever the Queen's Murtherer is,
I'll loſe my Life, or give an end to his.
We muſt to Arms, my Friends, the furious Jews
Will join with us, hearing the fatal news.
Then let us Storm the Court immediately;
Thus, we ſhall ſave the Queen, or bravely dy.
Poll. Conſider, Sir, the Queen's in *Herod*'s Power,
This will but haſten on her fatal hour;
For if Succeſs ſhould on our ſide appear,
You cannot doubt but he will murther her.
Ant. He dare not if our Arms Victorious grow.
Phal. What wickedneſs is that he dare not do.
I thought you better underſtood the Man,
He'll with his ruin ruin All he can.
Poll. This way with too much Reaſon, Sir, I fear,
You'll loſe your Self inſtead of ſaving her.
Ant. Oh Friend, to loſe my Self if ſhe be loſt,
Is of all Bleſſings what I covet moſt.
If we prevent it not, the Queen muſt dy,
This way may ſave her, and this way I'll try. [Ant. *offers to go out.*
Tam. Stay, Sir; I call to my Remembrance now,
What in this ſtrait may be of uſe to you.
The Queen now lies where *Alexandra* lay,
Who from that Chamber made a Vaulted way,
Through which ſhe might paſs to the Garden-Houſe:
She did this when ſhe fear'd *Antigonus.*
Herod himſelf does not this Paſſage know,
Safely that way you to the Queen may go.

Whence

Whence you as ſafely may convey her too,
If you can win her to eſcape with you:
For at the Garden-Houſe no Guards I ſaw.
Phalt. There, without noiſe, I may ſome Souldiers draw:
That if the Queen you from the Palace get,
We ſafely by their help may here retreat.
Sam. This, Sir, is the moſt hopeful way I ſee.
Ant. Samias, it does appear the ſame to me.
For by it either I ſhall reſcue her,
Or elſe dy fighting with her Murtherer.
Sam. Mean while I'll try the chiefeſt Jews to win.
Tam. Oh how I fear the Scruples of the Queen.
Phalt. Since *Herod* has reſolv'd the Queen to kill,
You ought to ſave her, Sir, againſt her will.
Once you to do it diſobedient grew.
Ant. Heaven knows nought elſe could make me do it now.
Come, let's away the time too faſt does ſlide.
Tam. Follow me, Sir, for I muſt be your Guide. [*They all go out.*

The Scene Herod's *Apartment.*

Enter Aſdrubal *and an Officer of the Guards, as paſſing over the Stage.*

Offic. As through the Streets I paſt the news was ſpread,
That Prince *Pheroras* ſtruck with Grief was dead.
The People did his Death with horrour bear.
Aſdr. I doubt of greater Deaths we ſoon ſhall hear.
Carry that News to *Solome* from me,
Let all while I am abſent watchful be. [*They go out ſeveral ways.*

The Scene is the Queen's Chamber, with a ſmall Throne in it.

The Queen appears aſleep on her Bed, Herod *comes in with a Taper in one hand, and a drawn Dagger in the other, as ſoon as he enters, he ſtops on a ſudden.*

Her. What Horror's this which does my heart o'ercome,
As ſoon as I but enter in this Room:
I who in Breaches Storm'd have often ſtood,
And flaming Cities quench'd with humane Blood:
Nay ſwom t' Uſurp a Throne through Royal Gore,
Yet never felt what trembling was before.
[*He advances towards the Queen's Bed, and when he ſees her ſleeping ſays:*
Can guilt ſo calmly ſleep when Death is near,
While I, who but Revenge it, ſhake for fear.
What art thou Whiſpers, While ſhe ſleeps 'tis beſt,
To ſend her Soul to its Eternal Reſt?
Leſt her bright Eyes which have ſuch Power to Charm,
Were they awake, might my fierce hand diſarm.
Whate'er thou art darſt whiſper to me ſo,
Be gone——Elſe——If I can——I'll kill the too.
For thou would'ſt rob me by ſuch guilty fears,
Of what in my Revenge moſt great appears.
Yes——I will wake her e'er I give the blow,
That She, and I, and the whole World may know;

While

While all her Beauties in full Luſtre ſhone,
To my wrong'd Honour, I have Juſtice done.
But though this brave Revenge I will enjoy,
Yet I muſt ſigh, for what I will deſtroy. [Herod *ſighs, the Queen wakes.*
Queen. Who's that who wak'd me with a ſigh?
Her. 'Tis I——
But 'tis to make thee ſleep Eternally. [*The Queen ſits up.*
Queen. Ha, in his hand an unſheath'd Dagger too!
Her. Thy guilt does make thee ſuch amazement ſhow.
Queen. If an amazement on my Face does ſeize,
'Tis that my Tyrant comes to give me eaſe:
Nought from thy bloody hand could welcome be,
Unleſs as now, when it brings Death to me.
Her. Wer't thou not ripe for what I now will do,
Thou couldſt not merit Death, and wiſh it too:
But thy dire guilt all others has outdone,
For thou haſt wrong'd my Bed, and by my Son.
Queen. I wrong thy Bed! I ſcorn to undeceive
Him, who of me dare ſuch vile Crimes believe.
[*The Queen lies down again.*
Her. Thus of that ſcorn I my revenge begin,
And thus purſue it. [*He ſtabs the Queen twice.*
Queen. Heaven forgive his Sin.
Oh let my Guiltleſs Blood thy Rage atone,
And turn thy heart —— from murthring—of—thy—Son.
[*The Queen dies.*
Her. Unheard of Crime! She begs with her laſt Breath,
That her Adulterer may not ſuffer Death.
But he ſhall dy; and in thoſe Tortures too,
Which to his Crimes, and her laſt Prayers are due.
[Herod *a while gazeth ſtedfaſtly on the Queen.*
Thus Night's dark Veils the Face of Heaven o'erſpread,
When to th'other World the Sun is fled;
No Kings Revenge like mine the Glory had,
To make at once ſo many Beauties fade.
[*A door opens under the Theatre,* Antip. *comes up out of it, muffled up in a Cloak, at firſt looking towards the Pit.*
Ant. Sure all the Ominous Screech-Owls, and the Toads,
Have in this horrid Vault fixt their abodes:
Under my Feet theſe croak'd at every pace,
And thoſe were ſtill a fluttring in my Face.
Through Deaths obſcureſt Regions I have paſt,
But——I am come to Paradiſe at laſt.
[*He looks after down into the Vault.*
Her. Whoſe Voice is that? —— A Man——— and muffl'd too,
And comes to her through ways I never knew.
I'll undiſcover'd learn what brings him here.
[Herod *conceals himſelf behind the Scene, puts down the Taper by the Queens Bed.*
Ant. to *Tam.* in the Vault. Since I am within Call you ſhould not fear.
Tam. Yet, Sir, to your Return a ſhort ſpace give,
For here, methinks, I'm bury'd, while I live.
[Antip. *advances ſoftly towards the Queen, and flings off his Cloak.*
Ant. How quietly ſhe ſleeps———ſhe does not know,
How near ſhe is to *Herod*'s guilty blow.
Yes———I muſt wake her; for by time I'm preſt,
[*He lifts up his Hands and Eyes.*
Sure I was born ſtill to diſturb her Reſt.

Madam, to ſave you, I from Heaven am ſent.
How ſound they ſleep, whoſe Lives are Innocent.
Madam——'tis *Antipater* that does ſpeak.
[Herod *looking out of the Scene.*
My Son? How did he from his Priſon break?
[Antip. *ſtarts up, and going to the Bedſide ſays:*
Ant. Either my trembling ſight abuſes me,
Or elſe———O Heavens, why muſt I live to ſee
What more than I millions of dyings dread,
In Streams of her own Blood, the Queen lies dead!
Though fate to loſe her Life, this Trick has ſhown,
I come not yet too late, to end my own.
[*He draws his Sword, and offers to kill himſelf.*
Yet hold——for while her Murtherer does live,
I muſt to my own ſelf grant a Reprieve,
Till I have kill'd him, though he *Herod* be;
For this dire Crime none durſt perform but He.
Thou injur'd Ghoſt, who ought to hover here,
[*Lifting up his Hands and Eyes.*
Till I have Sacrific'd thy Murtherer;
Liſten to this Irrevocable Vow;
My Tyrant Father I'll to Death purſue.
Through all his Guards I will a paſſage make,
And by the loſs of mine, his Life I'll take.
[Herod *comes in with his Sword drawn.*
Her. Traytor, ſuch horrid Guilt thou doſt commit,
That none but I to puniſh it am fit.
Ant. To mention horrid Guilt doſt thou not dread,
Being within the proſpect of that Bed? [*Pointing towards the Queen.*
Heaven may to thee perhaps ſome mercy ſhow,
For off'ring up thy Self, her Victim now.
Her. This Hand which on my Wife has Juſtice done,
Shall do the like now, on a Rebel Son.
Yes; thou ſhalt feel, that 'tis a fatal thing,
To dare offend thy Father and thy King.
Ant. Thoſe Sacred names were Cancell'd both by thee,
That moment thou didſt force the Queen from me.
But wer't thou Mankind's Father, and their King,
Yet killing thee is but too mean a thing
To Expiate thy Sin in murthering Her.
Her. 'Tis greater Sin, my Vengeance to defer.
[Herod *runs at* Antip. *and* Antip. *at him. They run each other through,* Herod *falls.*
Her. 'Tis Chance alone which the whole World does guide,
Or now Succeſs had waited on my ſide:
Nor could I elſe have thus been ſtrucken dead,
And by a Traytor which defil'd my Bed.
Ant. Defil'd thy Bed?—By all that is divine,
A brighter Vertue never yet did ſhine,
Than that with which Heav'n thy great Queen did bleſs.
To raiſe thy horrour, I this truth confeſs.
[Ant. *reels, then falls at the feet of the Queen's Bed.*
Her. My Joy it raiſes, for I make thee dy,
And make thee do it, telling of a Lye.
My Deſtiny had been tyrannical,
Had I not e'er my Death, beheld thy Fall.

But now I care not what becomes of me,
Since with my hand———I have kill'd———Her——and thee.
[Herod *dies.*
[Tamar *riſes out of the Vault.*
Tam. What noiſe was this, Ha!——the Prince murther'd lies,
——And the Queen too.——Weep out your Selves, my Eyes;
Though for that Loſs the payment is too low.
Ant. Tamar, raiſe all the Court, and let them know,
The Queen has by the Tyrant murther'd been,
And I too meanly did revenge the Sin,
By only making of the Monſter fall:
Then carry theſe Commands to *Aſdrubal*,
That he from *Maſſada Pheroras* bring,
And now it is his Right, Proclaim him King.
[Tamar *runs out crying Murther, Treaſon, Treaſon, Murther.*
Ant. I feel a Coldneſs like the hand of Death,
Which by degrees does ſteal away my Breath:
Againſt the wiſh'd Aſſault I will not ſtrive,
Since all is done for which I'd wiſh to live:
Theſe double Bleſſings in my Fate I meet,
To kill her Murtherer—then—dy—at—her—Feet. [Ant. *dies.*
[Aſdrubal *with ſeveral Gentlemen, and the Guards, come running in at one ſide of the Theatre*; Dina, *and ſome of the Queens Women, come running in at the other, who all ſtand amaz'd, lifting up their Hands and Eyes.*
Aſdr. O Diſmal Night, the diſmal'ſt e'er has been.
Dina. 'Tis here my grief ſhould firſt of all begin.
[*Running to the Queen, and kneeling by her.*
Ah who can doubt Vertue is Crown'd above,
Since Men to hers did ſtill ſo Cruel prove. [*They all ſigh and weep.*
Enter Solome *and* Tamar.
Solo. There's none which has ſuch Cauſe to mourn as I,
But 'tis below true grief to ſigh and Cry;
And too much Sorrow ought not to be given,
To what appears is the Decree of Heaven:
Bear the dead Bodies from the Gazers ſights,
Till all is ready for the Funeral Rites.
[*Some of the Gentlemen take up* Herod's *Body, others* Antipater's, *and carry them off.*
[Tamar, Dina, Merab, *and ſome of the Women, draw the Curtains before the Queens Bed. While this is doing,* Solome *ſays to her ſelf.*
Fortune above my Hopes has ſmil'd on me,
Where I but beg'd two Deaths, ſhe gave me three.
[Solome *takes* Aſdrubal *aſide.*
If to your Promiſe you have faithful been,
'Tis I who am, by right of Blood, your Queen:
When I, by you, am Seated in the Throne,
Ask whatſoe'er you will, and 'tis your own.
Aſdr. Sure, Madam, you muſt know your Brother's dead,
The news of it through all the Court is ſpread.
Solo. Why do you not your duty then begin,
And make all others own me for their Queen?
Aſdr. This Throne which the late Queen was us'd to fill,
Madam, aſcend, You'll not become it ill.
Fair *Mariamne* in it ſtill did ſit,
When Foreign Embaſſies ſhe did admit.

Take

Take it as earneſt of a greater far,
And while your Right to theſe you do declare,
All the *Arabian* Guards in Arms I'll draw,
The ſtronger to the weaker gives the Law.
You muſt expect a Storm from *David*'s Tower,
While it remains in the fierce *Phaltiel*'s Power.

[*He leads* Solome *to the Throne. While ſhe is going to it, ſhe ſays:*

Solo. Fate never did to one a Throne aſſign,
Who did aſcend it in ſuch griefs as mine.

[Aſdr. *as ſoon as She is ſeated bows humbly to her, ſo do all the reſt,* Aſdr. *goes out.*

Solo. Since the Male Race of all the Royal Line
Is now extinct, the Crown by Right is mine:
That I ſhould Raign, Heaven does concern'd appear,
Taking ſo many Lives, to place me here:
Owing this Bleſſing to Celeſtial aid,
With Fear and Reverence I muſt be Obey'd.
I will with Glory fill great *Herod*'s Room.

[Aſdrubal *introduces* Pheroras *haſtily, attended by all the Guards.*

Pher. Deſcend, vile Woman, and receive thy Doom.
Though in ſuch Sins thou haſt conſum'd thy time,
As there's no Judgment equal to thy Crime.

Solome *ſtarting up.* Are theſe the Guards which he went out to call?
My Crimes I'll expiate by a glorious fall.

Pher. To thy wrong'd Lord, to ſend thee, I deſign;
And if his Juſtice does agree with mine,
In wild *Arabian* Deſarts thou ſhalt be
Confin'd, until Death's hand doth ſet thee free:
May'ſt thou a Life of Sorrow there begin,
And be as great in Penitence as Sin.
Seize on her, Guards, and let her be by you
Lead to indure what's leſs than is her due.
By Poiſon too, thou didſt deſign my fall,
But I am ſav'd by Heaven and *Aſdrubal.*

Solo. I laugh at all you dare deſign, or do,
For though by Men betray'd and Fortune too:
And though to live in Thrones my Stars deny,
Yet ſpight of all I in a Throne will die. [*She ſtabs and kills her ſelf.*

Pher. Her thirſt of human Blood ſo great was grown,
Rather than ſhed no more, ſhe ſhed her own:
She ne'er ſhew'd Mercy, or did Mercy crave,
For her Birth's ſake, yet, bear her to her Grave.
Phaltiel and *Samias* when they ſee I'm King,
I know their Fort they'll to Obedience bring.
'Tis, Sir, but part of what I owe, I pay, [*To* Aſdrubal.
Making you Ruler of *Samaria.* [Aſdrubal *bows.*
Though many Pretious Lives at once are loſt,
Yet *Mariamne*'s Death afflicts me moſt:
Her Beauties, and her Virtues were ſo great,
As for her loſs, grief cannot pay the Debt.
A Loſs ſo vaſt, that Mourning is due
Not only from the Jews, but Nature too.

The Curtain falls.

The

THE EPILOGUE.

OUR Poet wiſhes, as I heard him ſay,
That all your Criticks would condemn his Play;
Since if for him that kindneſs you will do,
He'll leave off Writing, and turn Critick too:
He'll find it then a thing of more delight,
To damn a hundred Plays, than one to write.
Into your mode he'll quickly too have got,
Of finding fault where there is cauſe or not;
Nay be more pleas'd at all your Plays to hiſs,
Than but to Night to have your Claps at this.
He knows, as well as you, 'tis eaſier far,
To be the Judge than Priſ'ner at the Bar.
He's yet good-natur'd, for he ne'er was known
To hiſs at Plays, though worſe than are his own:
Troth, urge him not, for ſweeteſt Wines, you know,
Ill us'd, to ſharpeſt Vinegar will grow:
And there's no Tyrant's Rage ſo fiercely burns,
As a hiſs'd Poet's, when he Critick turns.
Then to this Play let your Applauſe be ſhown,
If not for Juſtice ſake, yet for your own.

FINIS.